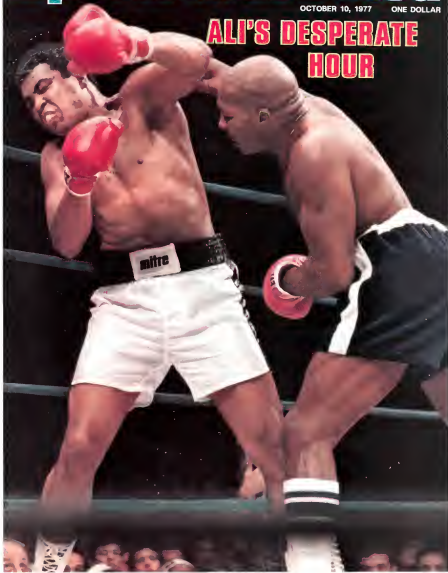


# Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 10, 1977

ONE DOLLAR

## ALI'S DESPERATE HOUR



**SEE WHAT'S  
NEW TODAY  
IN A  
CHEVROLET.**



## The Third Generation Monte

With immense pride, we present a trim and timely new edition of Chevrolet's popular personal luxury car: The Third Generation Monte Carlo.

It is a car in tune with the times, yet a car apart from the crowd.

Although thoroughly redesigned, today's Monte Carlo retains the unique personality of Monte Carlos past. You see it in the stately

stance, the sculptured sides. And you feel it as you drive.

Front and rear overhang have been reduced. The turning diameter is over two feet shorter than last year, giving the car added agility in cramped quarters.

The new interior is a virtual "Driver's Suite," with sumptuous cloths and carpets, tall windows, a totally new instrument

\*EPA estimates with standard V6 engine, available automatic transmission. Actual mileage may



## Carlo. A new dimension in affordable luxury.

panel, and special Monte Carlo "touches" throughout.

Surprisingly, there is more rear-seat leg room, head room and hip room than last year. More trunk space, too.

There is a new standard powerplant, a 231 Cu. In. V6. A 305 Cu. In. V8 is available.

(Monte Carlo is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions.

See your dealer for details.)

The Third Generation Monte Carlo.

Drive it soon.

Because when all is said and done,

*driving is what a Monte Carlo is all about.*

Always was.  
always will be.

|                           |    |
|---------------------------|----|
| EPA ESTIMATES*<br>HIGHWAY | 27 |
| EPA ESTIMATES<br>CITY     | 19 |

ary depending on how and where you drive, car's condition and available equipment. California estimates: 23 hwy., 16 city.





## The New-Size Malibu. A lot of new

Trim and contemporary in design, the new-size Malibu is just full of new ideas. About powerplants and personal pleasures. About interior room and exterior size. About ride and comfort and economy.

In short, it's a lot of good news.

### **Good news about V6 power.**

The new-size Malibu was designed with V6 power and efficiency in mind.

A new 3.3 litre (200 Cu. In.) V6 is standard.

This new V6 offers the smooth power you want, plus the efficiency that common sense now demands. (The new-size Malibu is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.)

### **Good news about mileage.**

And it is good news. Because the new-size Malibu has impressive EPA mileage estimates as you can see from the accompanying box.

Of course, your mileage may vary

SEE WHAT'S  
NEW TODAY  
IN A  
CHEVROLET.



thinking, a whole lot of good news.

|                                            |    |
|--------------------------------------------|----|
| 3.3 liter V6 with<br>manual 3-speed trans. |    |
| EPA estimates highway                      | 29 |
| EPA estimates city                         | 21 |

#### Good news about room and size.

The new-size Malibu takes up less space in the world than last year's mid-size Malibu. But, amazingly, the Coupe and Sedan give you more front and rear leg room; more front and rear head room. Also, more usable trunk space.

depending on how you drive, where you drive, your car's condition, and its available equipment.

#### Good news about corrosion resistance.

Many of the anti-corrosion treatments developed for our best-selling New Chevrolet Caprice and Impala can be found on the new-size Malibu.

Including: Extensive use of galvanized steel. Extensive use of Zincrometal® panels. Extensive use of special coatings, primers and sealants. And, in the long run, that has to be good news.

 Chevrolet

The new-size Malibu Classic Coupe. Also available as a Sedan and as a Wagon.



## The New Chevrolet Caprice.

Last year we introduced The New Chevrolet, a whole new kind of six-passenger car. And like hot dogs and apple pie, America is eating it up.

Now in its second year, The New Chevrolet compared to the full-size '76 Chevrolet, continues to give you more:

### **More miles per gallon.**

24 mpg highway, 17 mpg city—EPA estimates with standard 250 Cu. In. L6 engine and automatic transmission. In California, EPA

All comparisons relate to the 1976 full-size Chevrolet

estimates are lower.

(Your mileage depends on how you drive, your car's condition, where you drive, and your car's available equipment. Also, The New Chevrolet is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.)

### **More manageability in city traffic.**

Reduced overhang, front and rear, plus a shortened turning diameter, make the car noticeably more nimble where space is



# BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

IN WHICH TODAY'S MOST POPULAR BIRD WHISTLES SOME PRETTY FUNNY TUNES

Percy Bysshe Shelley certainly was a great poet, but he obviously knew from nothing about baseball.

*Had to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert . . .*

As baseball fans in Detroit and elsewhere can tell you, the line has got to read, "Bird thou always art . . ." for Mark (The Bird) Fidrych of the Tigers is one of the blithest spirits baseball has ever seen, heir to the tradition of heroic innocence established by such men as Rube Marquand and Germany Schaefer and carried on by the likes of Casey Stengel and Dizzy Dean. The tradition seemed to have run out of gas in this age of big-backs baseball, but Fidrych has singlehandedly refueled it—and become, at the age of 23, a quasi-mythic figure in the process.

Myths and legends all seem to have their ghostwriters today, so it's no surprise that Fidrych has produced something called *No Big Deal* (Lippincott, \$8.95), in collaboration with a writer named Tom Clark. But this being Fidrych, this book is different. Instead of an av-told-in-autobiography it is done in question-and-answer form, and instead of your basic for-kids-only hagiography, it is pretty much warts-and-all—though The Bird, predictably, spouts some amusing warts.

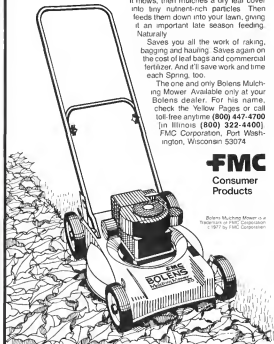
Clark says in his introduction, "Interviewing Mark is like being thrown into the water at an early age. You learn how to float in time, then you take a few strokes, then you're in the swim of it." He's right. Fidrych talks in waves and floods, spluttering his sentences with apostrophes and italics and exclamation points. When he gets excited he's likely to shout, "Voom!" (he loves cars), and when he doesn't like the flow of the chatter he'll cry out, "Whoa!"

He is also a very, very funny talker and he loves to tell stories. My favorites revolve around the days when he played in the Appalachian League and lived in the Jim Dandy Trailer Camp, but others may fancy his encounter with Elton John ("He goes, I know a little bit about you I said, Whoa. He's shockin' the hell outa me. I was lovin' it, though"), or the time Mickey Stanley visited his apartment and checked out all the groupies hanging around (Stanley said, "you oughta make it a meat shop. Put numbers out there, it's so bad").

Fidrych stories are like peanuts, once started, you can't stop. Since *No Big Deal* is full of them, it may well prove to be the funniest sports book of the year. Voom! **END**

## Most mowers can't cut it with leaves.

## Bolens Mulching Mower can.



It mows, then mulches a dry leaf cover into tiny nutrient-rich particles. Then feeds them down into your lawn, giving it an important late season feeding. Naturally.

Saves you all the work of raking, bagging and hauling. Saves again on the cost of leaf bags and commercial fertilizer. And it'll save work and time each Spring, too.

The one and only Bolens Mulching Mower. Available only at your Bolens dealer. For his name, check the Yellow Pages or call toll-free anytime (800) 447-4700 [in Illinois (800) 322-4400]. FMC Corporation, Port Washington, Wisconsin 53074.

**FMC**  
Consumer  
Products

Bolens Mulching Mower is a trademark of FMC Corporation © 1977 by FMC Corporation



## Eaton Update:

### 1 Payoff at the truck stop

Responding to the urgent need for better fuel economy, the diesel engine manufacturers have developed high torque engines that produce performance and economy when geared to run at low rpm.

And we have developed a new series of Eaton® axles and Fuller® transmissions designed to team with and take full advantage of these engines.

How much payoff? Fleets are reporting fuel savings up to 10% in many cases.

### 2 Cutting the cost of moving things around

Eaton's response to the growing need for improved efficiency in materials handling has been the introduction of 23 new Yale® lift truck models in the last two years.

This has made our line of industrial trucks the most up-to-date, as well as the broadest in the industry. For more than 50 years Eaton has been the leader in what is now the fastest growing segment of the market—electric lift trucks. We stay ahead by anticipating the changing needs of various industries, where materials handling can account for as much as 40% of manufacturing or processing costs.

### 3 The differential of the future, on and off the road

Eaton's locking differential is a significant advance in drive-train engineering. When a drive wheel starts to slip, it locks up smoothly and completely to provide substantially more traction than a limited slip unit. Employing gears rather than clutch plates, it eliminates a wear problem and operates quietly with no take-up clunk. And it can only lock up under 20 mph; above that speed it runs like

an open differential for safe highway driving.

An Eaton exclusive, the locking differential is already available on light trucks, and has an exciting future in passenger cars, too.

Eaton's close relationship with the automotive industry goes back more than 65 years—and today the average American car contains over 200 Eaton-manufactured parts. Through our in-depth engineering staff, we anticipate and respond to the changing needs of the automobile and truck markets. Eaton Corporation, 100 Erieview Plaza, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.

# EATON

SEE WHAT'S  
NEW TODAY  
IN A  
CHEVROLET.



The Caprice Classic Sedan

## It has America shouting "more."

limited. Parking is easier, too.

### **More head room.**

You'll sit tall in this proud car. New design creates more clearance for heads and hats.

### **More rear-seat leg room.**

You'll find more rear-seat leg room in the Sedan (shown), and in the Coupe. For your legs, your knees, for your comfort as you ride.

### **More trunk room.**

Open wide and say "Ah, now that's more

like it." Total capacity: About 20 cubic feet.

### **More ease of maintenance.**

Engine diagnostic connector helps make up to 35 electrical checks, quickly and easily. Freedom battery never needs water.

### **More ease of entry and exit.**

The increased height and straight-up sides make The New Caprice easier to get into and out of, a feature you and your passengers will relish.

Now that's more like it.

**Chevrolet**

A central bottle of Calvert Extra American Whiskey is the focal point. It is surrounded by an assortment of fresh fruits including a tomato, two cherries, several strawberries, a peach, and a red apple. Two soft drinks are also featured: a strawberry milkshake on the left and a glass of orange juice on the right. The background is a plain, light color.

# Soft Drinks

THE  
SOFT  
WHISKEY

CALVERT  
EXTRA

for  
Adults

Soft Whiskey goes  
great in orange juice. Or in  
grapefruit juice. (If we can  
invent them, so can you!)

And how about  
Soft Whiskey  
and pineapple  
juice?

It's time you tried whiskey with something  
besides rocks and bubbles. Remember,  
though: Soft drinks for adults always start with

The  
**Soft Whiskey.**  
**Calvert Extra.**

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Everyday  
Best



Cross writing instruments—unfailing daily companions for those who respect the finest. In lustrous chrome, gold-filled, sterling silver, or solid gold. From \$7.50 to \$150.00.\*

**CROSS**  
SINCE 1846

\*Suggested Prices

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Senior Writer William O. Johnson, whose article about the controversy surrounding Minnesota's Boundary Waters Canoe Area begins on page 50, has a special and long-term interest in that great wilderness.

"I was born in southern Minnesota," Johnson says, "a land of farms and small towns, straight roads and church steeples on the horizon. It was rolling or flat terrain, cultivated about as far as the eye could see, with endless rows of corn or fields of wheat. In short, where I grew up was in no way wild. But there was always the country 'Up North,' the north woods, where most of the state's celebrated 10,000 lakes are located.

"When I was a small boy, in the 1930s and early 1940s, my father, mother, brother and I would make an annual summer trek Up North—to Lake Mille Lacs, Cross Lake, Lake Superior, Gull Lake—to fish for northern pike, bass and walleyes. This country of tall, dark green trees and the purest freshwater lakes imaginable seemed to a little boy to be a forest primeval. When we went fishing, we rarely used a canoe, preferring big wooden rowboats—no motors in those days, they were luxuries, not common—and we would spend hours on those grand lakes. It was always cool or cold at night. During the day, the water was chilly for swimming, but we swam a lot anyway. And I remember the scent of the woods, the pine needles and the almost indefinable smell of decay and of new things growing on the forest floor.

"Of course, all this wasn't the splendid pristine stuff of the Boundary Waters. What I knew was relatively tame even then. There were roads and gas stations, electricity in most places, tourist cabins, roadside grocery stores



BILLY JOHNSON, 8, UP NORTH

But compared to southern Minnesota, it was an impressively uncivilized place. The possibility of getting lost was quite real, and there were bears and wolves and eagles. It was certainly enough to engender the idea in me, and at a very early age indeed, that there was something unique about the wilderness.

"But the wilderness has come to be an 'artificial' part of American life in the 20th century, something that must be carved out and protected, as carefully planned and

designed as man's cities or his monuments. Much of the north woods that used to be so enthralling in my childhood, so seemingly remote, has been settled and logged and commercialized. The town of Ely, now "Canoe Town USA," has an eyesore of a main street, with signs and bars and sporting-goods hucksters. It is almost as ugly as 42nd Street in New York. All through the former villages and camping clearings of the north woods are superhighways, Burger Kings shopping centers, snowmobile shops, motorboat rentals. The lakes are abuzz day and night with the snarl of motors.

"It is not a total wasteland. The woods are still there, as are the smells, although a whiff of gasoline is no surprise. But Up North in Minnesota now is not as different from the rest of the state, the rest of the world, as it once was.

"I've never been an avid, hard-working environmentalist, but the idea of BWCA preserved from loggers and motors appeals to me as a native Minnesotan, recalling, as it does, the north woods I knew as a child."

*Sack Meyers*

# How Panasonic got more thrust out of Thrusters.<sup>™</sup> And more power out of Matched Components.

Even for our sound engineers it was a tough assignment. Improve Thrusters, the speakers that had already created a sensation with their extra speaker cone for that extra thrust of bass. So important in today's music.



Thrusters SB-1800. Full range sound with an extra thrust of bass.

But they did it. Introducing Thrusters SB-1800. It has what our engineers call "a parabolic short horn." It directs the sound, so the room is filled with a sound presence that's hard to describe but easy to enjoy.

And our engineers even went a step further. To power the new Thrusters, they also created our most powerful Matched Components stereo

receiver yet—the RA-6800 with a full 25 watts per channel, minimum RMS into 8 ohms from 40 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.8% total harmonic

distortion. But there's more to the 6800 than big power. A lot more. Like direct coupled circuitry for solid power even in low bass frequencies. And a loudness switch to boost the bass at low volume levels.

To make AM/FM tuning extra accurate, there's a linear dial scale. Signal strength meter. And AFC.

The 6800's 8-track player/recorder features automatic/manual record levels. Two level meters. Repeat feature. And pause control.

For your records, Panasonic offers the automatic return, servo-belt-drive turntable, model RD-3500. It comes complete with magnetic cartridge, dust cover and the kind of performance specs your friend the hi-fi nut talks about.

And for private listening, put on our lightweight Duo-Cone headphones.

Panasonic Matched Components. There are 24 different combinations that all say, "Hello, hi-fi. Goodbye, hassle."

Duo-Cone headphones.



Parabolic short horn. For better sound direction in Thrusters.



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**Panasonic.**  
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CANADA DRY MIXERS.  
YOU OWE IT TO YOUR LIQUOR.

## BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

AN ICONOCLASTIC GOLFER SHARES HIS  
FEELINGS ABOUT THE GAME HE LOVES

Colman McCarthy is an editorial writer and columnist for *The Washington Post* who is deservedly respected as a defender of good and noble causes, not all of them popular. Although less well known for it, he is also a passionate devotee of a sport sometimes associated—unfairly, he feels—with the rich and privileged. Colman McCarthy is a golfer, and a good one.

For a while McCarthy kept his passion to himself, granting it written expression only in occasional unsigned editorials. But he was persuaded by friends in the *Post* sports department to write some pieces for them, and soon he found himself moonlighting as a commentator on his favorite sport. Now he has gone one step further, collecting and amplifying on some of his golf articles in *The Pleasures of the Game* (Dial, \$7.95), a small book filled with large delights.

As a young man, McCarthy was expert enough at golf to compete in professional tournaments. He still plays three or four times a week—but now only for the fun of it. "I have always thought," he writes, "that life's agonies were already so liberally distributed in everything else we do that there was little need for bringing them out to the golf course." Most of his book is therefore a guide to playing competently, sanely and happily, if iconoclastically.

He argues, for example, that in putting it's more important to concentrate on distance than direction. He thinks the game is more interesting if one uses fewer clubs. Although he's an ardent environmentalist, he says that it's usually silly to replace dunes because most grasses won't grow back once they've been chopped away.

But McCarthy is most interesting on matters that transcend chips and puts. He's for short-hole public courses as a way to mix recreation and green spaces. He's against golf carts for all except those in poor health, because they take most of the exercise out of the game. He's all for golfing marriages, and he has some sound advice for parents about making golf (or any other sport) appealing to children.

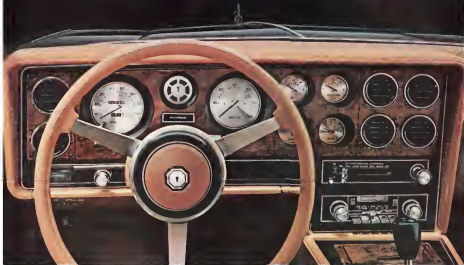
Occasionally McCarthy's prose gets precious, and he has one habit that is going to irritate a lot of readers. He's a health freak, and sometimes he can get awfully self-righteous on the subject. But the rest of the time McCarthy has the reader sitting pretty smack in the middle of the fairway.

END



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Pontiac's best year yet!**





## Grand new looks. Grand new

**The most scientifically designed Grand Prix in history!** First we fashioned the dream. Then we used computers to help design a new full frame to isolate road noise. Specially tuned body mounts help damp out vibration. New door and body seals help seal out noise. New one-piece foam-backed carpet and headliner help absorb sound. All to give you the smooth,

quiet ride you expect in a Pontiac Grand Prix.

**With responsive new maneuverability!** This trim new Grand Prix is amazingly agile when you put it in a tight city corner. Or a tight city parking spot.

**Luxurious new appointments!** Available new loose-pillow design seating that's richer than ever. An available new bucket seat that's a GP exclusive. A new

1978  Pontiac's



## Luxury. Grand new Prix.

Cockpit-style instrument panel. New textures. New fabrics. A whole new world of luxury.

**And 25 mpg Highway, 18 City!** These are EPA estimates for Grand Prix with its available 4.9 litre (301 CID) 2-bbl. V-8 and auto. trans. Powertrain not available in California. Your mileage depends on where and how you drive, your car's condition and

available equipment. Grand Prix is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Pontiac dealer for details. Talk to him about buying or leasing this incredible new Grand Prix.

It's destined to take its place beside the classic Grand Prix of the past.

Pontiac  The Mark of Great Cars

**best year yet!**



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# Vic Braden's new book will leave you laughing.

## But the joke is on your opponents.



Vic Braden says, "You can play tennis 500% better than you do now." And in **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** he shows you how Vic's secret weapon—well-known to the millions who have seen him on TV—is his sense of humor. But the jokes aren't just for laughs. Vic's humor will relax you, jolt you out of your bad habits, and help to make each lesson absolutely unforgettable. Try these Braden one-liners for size.

- If you're worried about your opponent's next shot while you're hitting your own, don't bother—because your shot isn't going over in the first place.
- The main goal in tennis is simple. Keep all your shots deep and in play and you'll be famous by Friday.
- You can't hit a helium ball and attack that's like throwing a hand grenade and running underneath it.
- When you are swinging in a northerly direction and the ball keeps heading south, you are very likely watching your opponent instead of the ball.
- If you can walk to the drinking fountain without falling over, you have the physical ability to play tennis well.

**"Vic Braden is the world's number one tennis coach."**—Jack Kramer

Vic Braden's ideas are going to change the game of tennis from the ground up—and in **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** you'll learn how. You'll find out how Vic uses high-speed photography and special measuring devices at his Tennis College, in the world's first truly scientific study of tennis technique. You'll get the benefit of Vic's 22 years of successful coaching—plus his training as a psychologist. **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** is your key to a total revolution in tennis—a whole new approach

to stroke production, strategy, dealing with stress, and training for the game.

500% better is Vic's promise. And he's not joking.

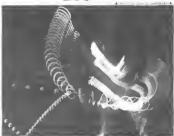
# Vic Braden's Tennis for the Future

by Vic Braden and Bill Bruns

With over 200 photographs and illustrations. \$12.95

A Sports Illustrated Book

Published by  
**Little, Brown**  
PUBLISHERS



# Most bourbon ads appeal to your senses.

## This one appeals to your reason.

Bourbon is a pleasure. No doubt about it.  
But when it comes to enjoying a truly fine bourbon like Walker's  
DeLuxe, pleasing the senses is only  
half the story.

### Timing is everything.

The other half is common  
sense. We suggest you take a *full  
half hour* to enjoy a Walker's DeLuxe.  
Why a half hour?

We think it's the time  
necessary to appreciate and savor all  
the smoothness Walker's DeLuxe  
gives you.

Of course, *all* liquor should  
be consumed with judgment and  
moderation, but Walker's DeLuxe  
is special.

### Eight long years

We age Walker's DeLuxe a full  
eight years to achieve a richness and  
well-rounded flavor that's hard to  
find elsewhere.

The result? Walker's DeLuxe  
is a bourbon that yields enjoyment.  
It is well worth taking the time to  
savor.

Perhaps you will drink  
less Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon  
in the process, but you'll get  
more drop for drop pleasure  
when you do drink it.



# WALKER'S DE LUXE BOURBON

AGED **8** YEARS

# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

## MR. ROBERTS

Clifford Roberts, the president and co-founder with Bobby Jones of the Augusta National Golf Club, died there last week at the age of 84. In ill health for several months, Roberts shot himself during the early morning hours near Ike's Creek, named after President Eisenhower, a friend and club member.

Roberts was austere, demanding and obsessed by golf. Born in Iowa, he was a self-made man who became an investment banker in New York. During the 1920s, he became friends with Jones, and in 1930, when Jones retired after winning the Grand Slam, Roberts took him up on his idea of building the ideal golf course. They selected an old indigo plantation in Augusta that had been turned into a tree nursery, the first in the South, by a Belgian baron after the Civil War. The 365-acre property, named Fruitlands, had a variety of flowering shrubs and trees, many of which still grace the grounds, and at the end of 1932 the course was opened.

Over the years, it was altered because, as Roberts said, "There have been some changes in the technique of hitting a golf ball, a big change in the quality of equipment, and our policy has always been to keep this golf course in tune with changing conditions. It's no trick to make a golf course hard. What we try to do is to give an exacting but fair test of golf. If a golfer hits his shots well and if all conditions are favorable, it doesn't hurt our feelings a damned bit if he makes a low score."

Roberts set strict rules for members. A guest cannot play the course unless accompanied by a member, and should the member be called away, the game is over. Roberts did not seize power at Augusta—at the first meeting of the members in 1933 Grantland Rice proposed that Jones and Roberts be given the power to run the club as they saw fit, without the hindrance of meetings. Every member stood and yelled "Aye."

Roberts kept the dues and the names

of members secret. Membership, about 220, is by invitation only, and Roberts and Jones did the inviting. Despite the affluence of its members, Roberts maintained, "We don't give a damn about their social standing, not in the society sense. We are only interested in their devotion to golf. That's the basic qualification that we have: that a man be a golfer, really love the game, be a golf nut, so to speak."

Augusta's exclusivity is put aside for one week each year for the Masters, which began in 1934. As tournament chairman, Roberts ran the Masters as strictly as he ruled members. Arnold Palmer said after hearing of Roberts' death, "Everybody in golf studied the operation of the Masters and considered it probably the best-run tournament in the world. So many of the things that are now standard and a normal part of tournament operations, such as on-course leader scoreboards, total roping of courses and other elements of gallery control, have been copied from the Masters, and Cliff Roberts was the man responsible."

## TOUGH

Last week was a tough one for the Emprise Corporation, the once thriving sports and concession conglomerate controlled by the Jacobs family of Buffalo (51, May 29, 1972). First the White House refused to grant a presidential pardon to Emprise, which was convicted in 1972 of conspiracy and interstate transportation to aid racketeering. That conviction came about after Emprise lent money to businessmen fronting for alleged mobsters in the purchase of the Frontier Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas.

Emprise sought the pardon because a number of states want to take away racing and liquor licenses it had farmed out to subsidiaries after the conviction. Among the lawyers Emprise retained in its quest was Henry Petersen, head of the criminal division in the Justice Department during the Nixon Administration. Following the rebuff from the Car-

ter Administration, Emprise was penalized by a Michigan Liquor Control Commissioner. At the instigation of Michigan Attorney General Frank Kelley, the commissioner revoked four liquor licenses controlled by Emprise subsidiaries at three racetracks and Tiger Stadium.

## SAND TRAP

Bob Swift, a columnist for the *Macon Herald*, has found a use for those sticky tar balls that wash ashore on Atlantic beaches when ships flush their tanks at sea.

Swift and his family like to go to the beach, where they construct sand castles, and recently they labored for hours building an elaborate one. They left for a couple of hours, and when they returned to admire their handiwork un-



they discovered it had been stomped flat. The Swifts had a suspect, Tennis-shoe prints indicated the vandal was a 12-year-old boy Swift describes as "a no-neck brai."

Swift's daughters, Ashley and Peggy, decided on revenge. They constructed an octopus with a seaweed smile and seashell eyes. The tentacles were of sand, but the head, the size of a basketball, was a solid mass of tar balls covered by the barest layer of sand. Upon leaving the beach, the Swifts made a big show of folding their chairs and umbrellas. Once behind the cover of a clump of sea grapes, they waited.

Sure enough, the suspect came along.

*continued*

# Why one tennis shoe lasts longer than others

by Pancho Segura



## A test has been made.

People are always telling me how their tennis shoes wear out too quickly. I agree with them. And then I show them the shoe I wear.

The Puma—with the radial sole—the 'Hard Court.' I began to wear this shoe last year. When I teach, I am always moving, running. I used to go through a pair of shoes in maybe three or four weeks. This Puma shoe gives me about seven weeks on cement—and I'm on the court for hours on end. I am impressed to think how long it will last the average player who is not on the court all the time like me.

Read the laboratory test

### Abrasion Resistance Level

|                          |            |
|--------------------------|------------|
| <b>Puma 'Hard Court'</b> | <b>135</b> |
| Fred Perry               | 120        |
| Adidas Haffet            | 92         |
| Bata                     | 85         |
| Tretorn Blue             | 30         |
| Pro Keds                 | 29         |
| Converse All-Star        | 18         |

results in the chart and you will learn why the Puma lasts so long: the resistance to abrasion of the Puma sole is better than all the other big-name tennis shoes.

The higher the number,

the longer the sole lasts. For copy of test, write Biconta Inc., 50 Executive Blvd., Elmsford, NY 10523.

## A mind behind the sole.

There is very intelligent thinking behind the design of this sole. Notice how all the edges are rounded. The effect is like a radial tire: you always have as much rubber gripping the court as possible, even when your foot is leaning over on one edge.

The shape of the heel is particularly clever. When you take a certain kind of step, you land first on your heel—at about a 14-degree angle. The rounded edge of the Puma heel helps you to roll forward onto the sole of your foot smoothly.

## It is hinged like your foot.

Take this Puma shoe and bend the sole. You will see that the bend, or hinge, is exactly where your foot is hinged—under the ball. And the bend is a smooth arc.

Now try bending other tennis shoes. I discovered that one of them bends in the middle—where there is no hinge to your foot! And others bend so abruptly that their uppers appear to cut sharply across the top of your foot.

Now you know one reason why this Puma is so comfortable



## So sticky that they squeak.

You would expect a sole this tough to feel slippery like those synthetic polyurethane soles on some shoes. You would be wrong. The traction of Puma is fantastic. You can actually hear the rubber squeak fiercely when you make a sudden stop.

Try this test in the store: Put one hand inside a Puma, the other hand inside a polyurethane shoe. Now push both shoes along the floor. You will feel how the Puma sole does not want to slip. It is gripping better.

Last year, the 'Hard Court' was made only for men. And only with a green sole and green Puma stripe.

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## Are you good enough for Puma?

A Puma shoe is not cheap.

It costs money to use such soft leather in this tennis shoe. It costs money to put padding everywhere and line the whole inside with terry cloth. It costs still more money for this special radial sole.

But if you take pride in your game—if you have earned your stripe—a shoe like this can make a difference in how you play.

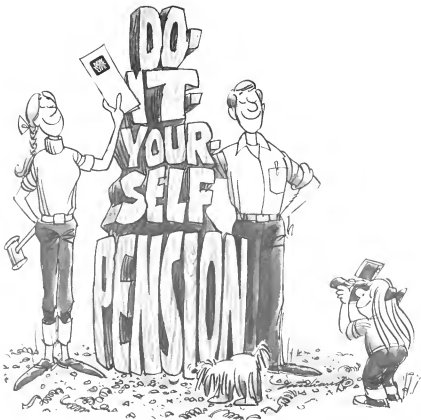


The radial-sole Puma 'Hard Court'

# PUMA

You've earned your stripe





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First he smashed each tentacle. Finally he moved back a few steps and, Swift reports, "dashed forward and leaped high into the air and..."

"I still smile inwardly," Swift concludes, "thinking of what happened when he returned home with 10 pounds of tar clinging to his shoes, socks, ankles and legs."

#### ODD NOS

Some old scores were settled and a few eyebrows raised last week when the trustees of the estate of the late Tom Yawkey announced they had agreed to sell the Boston Red Sox to a group headed by Haywood Sullivan, the team's vice-president for player personnel, and Buddy LeRoux, the Red Sox trainer from 1966 to 1974. The trustees, one of whom is Jean Yawkey, Tom's widow, chose the Sullivan-LeRoux bid of \$15 million even though that was less than offers submitted by Marty Stone (SI, Aug. 22), the tycoon who pitches batting practice, Jack Satter, owner of Colonial Provisions Corp., and A-T-O Corporation, the parent firm of Rawlings Sporting Goods, which had the high bid of \$17 million. But then Sullivan-LeRoux had the invaluable support of Mrs. Yawkey, who has a deep regard for Sullivan. She joined the Sullivan-LeRoux group as a limited partner after their bid had been submitted. There is speculation that without her money Sullivan-LeRoux could not have come up with \$15 million, in fact, without her money their original offer had been rebuffed in early September.

At a press conference, Sullivan made it clear that he and LeRoux would run the club. For years Sullivan had operated in the shadow of General Manager Dick O'Connell, who took over as Red Sox president in 1965, and who will surely depart after the 1977 season. During his administration the Red Sox have finished in the top half of their division every year and attendance has never fallen below one million. Had Stone's or Satter's bids been accepted, O'Connell would have been retained, but Mrs. Yawkey dislikes him. Indeed, in the last two years they have communicated only by note.

#### BASS BONANZA

Those good ol' boys on the Bass Anglers Sportsman Society circuit surprised both themselves and local folks when they held a tournament last month, their first ever

in the Northeast, on the St. Lawrence River. According to popular belief, the best largemouth-bass fishing is down in Dixie, but the 150 competing anglers (including 41 New Yorkers who were there mostly to soak up pro fishing techniques with spinnerbaits and supersoft plastic worms) caught 3,446 pounds of bass in the Thousand Islands area.

That is about twice the poundage fishermen caught this year in each of the B.A.S.S. tournaments on the St. Johns River in Florida, Greers Ferry in Arkansas and Kentucky Lake. The St. Lawrence catch was topped by the 5,816 pounds hauled in from Toledo Bend Reservoir in Texas and Louisiana, ranked by many as the best bass lake in the U.S., but there were 250 fishermen at Toledo Bend who could take up to 10 bass a day, while the daily limit on the St. Lawrence is only six. "I've fished all over this country and in 122 bass tournaments," said Emmett Chiles of Joiner, Ark., who finished 11th with 46 pounds, 13 ounces, enough to win most tournaments, "and I've never seen anything like the bass fishing here in the St. Lawrence River."

The catches stunned guides, resort owners and officials of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation. "Honestly, we had no earthly idea that this type of largemouth-bass fishing existed in these waters," said Bruce Shupp, a department official. Too bad the department hadn't. Maybe it would have tried to prevent the mercury, mirex and PCB contamination that makes the St. Lawrence fish unsafe for people to eat.

#### GIVINE CALL

In an effort to attract more readers to the weekly parish bulletin, Father J. Morgan Kelly, the pastor of St. Bartholomew's Roman Catholic Church in East Brunswick, N.J., recently started a one-question sports quiz, with the answer to be given in each following week's issue.

At 2:30 one morning, Father Gervase Walters, the associate pastor who was on duty at the rectory, got a phone call from a man asking the answer to the question: "Among the leading strikeout pitchers for one season who has the best strikeout-per-game record?" Father Walters replied, "Come to church on Sunday and you will learn the answer."

The man did—Nolan Ryan, 383 strikeouts in 326 innings in 1973.

#### COLLECTIBLES

Hunters and fishermen, check your equipment, inspect your library, rummage through your attic. Some of that stuff may be worth a bundle, according to Allan J. Liu of Amawalk, N.Y., Liu, who edited the *American Sporting Collector's Handbook*, published last year, is now in the business of selling sporting memorabilia and artifacts, the collecting of which, he notes in his first catalog, "has been growing by leaps and bounds the last few years." So have the prices.

Liu offers seven shorebird decoys by Harry Shourds, who died in 1920, for \$15,000. A knife, a skinner lock-back folder, made by H. H. Frank last year, but of "truly museum quality," commands \$1,450.

A Julius vom Hofe single-action fly reel, "very fishable," is priced at \$225. An eight-foot, two-piece, two-tip bamboo fly rod made in 1934 by the late Everett Garrison goes for \$1,200, and although the price is a tribute to Garrison's craftsmanship, he probably would be appalled because he sold his rods only to active fishermen.

Among books, a 1939 Storer's gun catalog, World's Fair Jubilee issue, has a tag of \$300; Roland Clark's *Stray Shots*, one of 535 copies published by Derrydale in 1931, costs \$550; H. G. Pickering's *Neighbors Have My Ducks*, a 1937 Derrydale, \$350; and Edgar M. Queeny's *Prarie Wings*, one of 225 copies of a deluxe edition published in 1946, \$2,500.

If, to quote Liu, you want to "get in on the ground floor," you might be interested in the first list of flies offered to collectors. A mildly nymph by Yas Yamashiro, a contemporary Pennsylvania flytier, goes for \$40. That might seem high indeed, but then Yamashiro spends more than nine hours on a nymph to make it as realistic as possible.

#### THEY SAID IT

● J. B. Pinheiro, Brazilian ambassador to the U.N., in praise of Pelé: "My country has been built on messianism. Pedro Cabral was looking for a passage to India when he discovered Brazil. Our entire history is like that. So here I am, probably the best soccer player in the world, and they've got me being an ambassador. Pelé, on the other hand, has spent 22 years playing soccer, and in that time he has done more for goodwill and friendship between nations than all of the ambassadors ever appointed." **END**

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# ONCE MORE TO THE WELL

*Muhammad Ali left them roaring with a marvelous last-round rally against game Earnie Shavers, but one day soon the champ will reach down and come up empty*

by PAT PUTNAM





**M**uhammad Ali laughs, for in the ring he has become a clown. No, now he is Marcel Marceau entertaining us with grotesque mimes. He is mockingly disdainful of his opponent, he is a show of horror at some trivial development in the ring, he is a badly mauled fighter (ah, but is he only playacting?). And then, in a twinkling, with bold strokes and flashing brilliance, he reaches deeply into his dwindling resources and the left jab becomes a cobra, striking out again and again before melding into a two-handed volley fired with such fury it seems a red line of tracers in the night. Then that moment passes, too, so swiftly it appears but an illusion of days long past.

For Ali there are no more pitched battles, only well-spaced fire fights. Mostly he husbands his strength behind a fool's facade, playing a shrewd but dangerous role, surviving on guile and guts, a master of legerdemain covering his diminished skills with a magic show. And, as was announced at Madison Square Garden last Thursday night: the old magician is still heavyweight champion of the world.

The foil for Ali this time was Earnie Shavers, a shaven-headed 33-year-old puncher with questionable stamina, a crude workman who, for \$300,000, was expected to fall down from exhaustion after six rounds or so. Shavers' trademark was a bludgeoning right thrown unceasingly until either the opponent was knocked out—52 had been, most of them with names like Rochell Norris, Elgie Walters and Young Agibab—or Shavers was, which had happened three times. Ali labeled him The Acorn because of his bare pate and publicly dismissed him. In Las Vegas the bookies considered him so far out of his class they wouldn't put up a price. People do not bet on acorns.

Ali's acorn turned out to be a warm  
continued



*Ham acting in the second round bought Ali time*

#### ALISHAVERS continued

and gracious man, one amused by the champion's usual prefight antics, who mildly offered that he thought he was a better fighter than credited; that for the first time he was in excellent physical condition and ready to go 15 rounds if needed. His smile was a little boy's smile, and when he spoke it was with a delightful touch of humor, everyone liked him, few believed in him.

"I don't know what we are going to do around here after you win the title," said Frank Luca, Shavers' trainer and one of the few believers. "After you whip Ali all those hangers-on in his entourage are going to be out of work. They'll all be over here looking for the employment office."

Delight brightened Shavers' eyes. "I already worked that out," he said. "I'm going home and put up a picket fence around the house, get some guard dogs and put my wife Laverne at the door. They may get over the fence, they might on my dogs, but they won't get past Laverne. She's in charge of enforcements."

And but for a TV set that never was turned on, Shavers at this moment might be at home building his fence. The set, with no one to watch it, was in Shavers' dressing room. Ali's 22nd title fight was televised by NBC, and as an extra attraction the network had arranged to flash the official scoring on the screen after every round. Such an obvious edge was not lost on Angelo Dundee, Ali's

smart little trainer, who posted Baltimore matchmaker Eddie Hrica in the champion's dressing quarters to watch the TV set there and relay the numbers after each round. And so, after 12 rounds, Dundee knew the only way Shavers could beat his man was by a knockout.

Across the ring Shavers was being given quite a different picture. Near the challenger's corner were several members of his home-state Ohio Boxing Commission, two reporters and José Sulaiman, the president of the World Boxing Council. All were scoring the fight and they all reported regularly to Luca that they had Shavers far in the lead. No sweat. Don't take any chances. Earnie. In truth, it was not an easy fight to score. Ali's fights of late seldom have been.

Ali began as he said he would: flat on his feet, circling to his left but not dancing, easily eluding the few thunderbolts Shavers unleashed. Ali won the first round, mostly by default.

"You have to dance against a man like Ken Norton," Ali had said, "and against Joe Frazier. You don't stand and slug with them. If Shavers is as slow as he looks, I ain't gonna do no dancing with him. But I'm ready. I'm ready to rope-a-dope; I'm ready to dance; I'm ready to talk, I'm ready to clown; I'm ready to be serious."

What he was not ready to do was dance 15 rounds against anyone: Shavers or Norton or Frazier, or Sister Sarah at the Saturday Night Strutters Ball. The legs no longer can handle 45 minutes of the Ali Shuffle; no more, perhaps, than a third of that. No matter. Unexcelled at buying time, Ali simply dips into his satchel of tricks and whips out the rope-a-dope, brightens it with some pantomime, clutches, makes faces at the fans, sticks a long left into his opponent's face and leaves it there while elaborately cranking up his right. Meanwhile, his 35-year-old legs can go on a coffee break.

"He goes into that rope-a-dope," said Shavers beforehand, "and it's gonna be the dullist fight in history. When he does I'll just hit him a couple of times and then go over and lean on another rope and stare at him. It will be a staring contest."

For Shavers the battle plan was patience, not to be a wild man, not to punch himself out, and in the second round it may have cost him the championship. Midway through the round he unloaded a thunderous right over an Ali jab, which

caught the champion flush on the head. Hurt badly, Ali clinched and held, and over Shavers' bulky left shoulder he made faces at the crowd, belittling the damage. Shavers stepped back and hesitated, watching Ali pretend his legs were rubbery. Instinct told him he had the champion hurt, but Ali's con took the decision over common sense. If at that crucial moment Shavers had reverted to his primeval past, if he had plowed forward with both cannons roaring, the title might have changed hands right there. But Ali's recuperative powers are extraordinary; he recovers almost as quickly as you can flick a light switch twice: off, on. His act bought him more time than he needed.

The moment passed; the pace slowed. The third and fourth rounds were a seminar in defense: Ali showed Shavers the rope-a-dope; Shavers demonstrated his version of the peekaboo. At times they resembled two old bulls fighting over a young cow, horns locked, shoving and snorting, tearing up a lot of earth but not each other. In the shoving and snorting Shavers got a draw.

Then Ali conjured up yet another trick: he showed Shavers a 25-year-old Ali, the kid who had dazzled Liston, who had savaged Cooper. It was as though he had drunk from the Fountain of Youth, and for three minutes it worked. The fifth became his finest round since his last fight with Frazier in Manila: gliding gracefully and quickly, using the snake jab, the awesome combinations, floating and stinging, the butterfly and the bee. The world wanted Ali, he gave them Ali but, Lord, not for very long.

The candle flickered brightly and then went out. Dullness returned. The sixth round was nearly even. Ali's sleight-of-hand gave him the edge in the seventh; the eighth went to Shavers by default. The fans booed Ali and he waved his gloves at them, as if saying, "You are watching Franks Hals paint the *Laughing Cavalier* and you are angry because he is spilling paint on the carpet." But an unfinished masterpiece is no masterpiece, and so Ali fought on. With masterly fakery and occasional flurries he earned the next four rounds, building an insurmountable lead. After 12 rounds he led 8-4 on two of the official cards, 8-3-1 on the third.

Now, thanks to NBC, Dundee knew his man could not lose the decision, but he didn't tell Ali. "I've seen a lot of smart cornermen think they've got a decision

locked," said Dundee, "so they tell their man to relax. And they wind up blowing the title."

By now people were watching the challenger critically, looking for the first sign of collapse. Shavers had never gone more than 10 rounds before, and the few times he had gone that far he had finished so exhausted he could hardly stand. Now he had lasted 12, but instead of wilting, the muscular challenger stepped up his attack. He had been pressing most of the night, now he went at Ali full bore. The 13th was Shavers' best round so that point, the 14th was even better. Rocked by hard right hands, Ali survived, but the legs that had carried him through 56 professional fights were beginning to fail him. At the end of the 14th round the champion had to dip into his reserve of strength just to get back to his corner. Wearily he slumped on his stool, his eyes glazed by fatigue.

When the bell for the 15th rang, Ali could barely stand. His legs quivered. Dundee and Bundini Brown gripped his arms, steadying him. "You don't look so good," Dundee said softly. "You better go out and take this round."

As he moved to meet Shavers, Ali was thinking "Just three more minutes. Fight hard until you die. Do it now." He sucked in a deep breath, lifted himself on his toes and started to dance. Shavers came at him, the time for patience gone, finally the fearsome headhunter; but, as it turned out, too late. He missed with a big right hand, took two punches, missed with a right and a hook, then landed a right. Ali didn't have the strength to act; dazed, he flurried ineffectively and was caught by another right hand.

Together they lurched around the ring, swinging, missing, gasping. With less than a minute to go, Ali's body was screaming at him: no more, no more. Shuddering, the champion called once again on his tremendous willpower, and he launched perhaps his greatest offensive. Fury replacing fatigue, he swarmed over Shavers, pounding him without pause.

In Ali's corner Dundee watched with awe. "I don't know how you do it, you son of a bitch," he thought, "but I love you for it."

Stunned by the sudden storm, Shavers sagged. But not his spirit. A will almost the match of Ali's kept the challenger on his feet. This was the man some had called a dog. Watching Shavers, Gus

D'Amato said, "It takes some people a long time to grow up. Tonight Shavers became a man."

The priceless moments ended with the final bell. Ali won, of course. And as he stood in his corner listening for the verdict he said in a voice that could scarcely be heard, "I'm tired, I'm so damn tired."

Later in his dimly lit dressing room Ali lay on a dressing table and moaned softly. Agony made prisoners of his legs; his swollen hands hurt him so badly that he tried not to move his fingers. The terrible body punishment Shavers had inflicted had left Ali's kidneys swollen, sore. He had demanded much more than his body was prepared to give, and now he was paying. "I'm through," he mumbled. "I don't need anyone else to tell me."

Earlier in the week he had spoken of one or two more small \$4 million fights against less imposing opponents than Jimmy Young or Kenny Norton, who will fight Nov. 5 to be first on line for Ali's crown. For certain, Ali doesn't want to fight either one. They have seen his magic and they are not fooled by it. "Two lesser fights," Ali had said before the Shavers bout, "and then retirement, still the champ. Just give me 12 more months."

But after Shavers, he was no longer sure he wants even 12 more minutes. His manager, Herbert Muhammad, has long wanted him to retire. Herbert didn't even attend the Shavers fight. He watched it on TV at his New York apartment. Recently Sulaiman of the WBC, who is more fan than expert, urged Ali to quit. After the fight he added muscle to the plea. "If he doesn't retire," said Sulaiman, "he'll fight the winner of Norton-Young within a specified time or we'll vacate the title. 'Ali is bigger than the WBC,' he added. "But we have our dignity."

Thinking more, perhaps, of Ali's dignity, Teddy Brenner, the Garden's boxing boss, added his vote for retirement. "As long as I'm around," Brenner said, "the Garden will never make another offer to Ali to fight."

Dundee said he had his own thoughts, but they were private, and he would only reveal them to Ali if asked. "He has to make up his own mind," Dundee said.

Ali's career has spanned 18 years, and he has earned from boxing alone more than \$44 million. He has a few of those bucks left, plus a grim determination to retire as champion. Still, future opponents like Alfio Righetti, the Italian marshmallow, or Leon Spinks, he of just five pro fights, have been mentioned along with Gerrie Coetzee, the unbeaten South African, who was at the Shavers fight.

"I can beat Ali," Coetzee said afterward. "I'm faster. I have never lost. Do you know how old Ali is? He is 35. My father is 40. He is almost as old as my father."

"But can you whip your father?" he was asked.

Coetzee has no sense of humor. Can you believe a champion with no sense of humor? Please, Ali, don't fight Coetzee. Don't fight anyone else. The next guy might have a TV in his corner. **ENO**

At the bell for the 15th, an enervated Ali is supported by Bundini Brown



# PELE PELE PELE

*The legendary Brazilian retired again, this time before a crowd whose size was both a tribute to him and a part of his legacy*



*An emotional Pelé was given a rough hug by Santos teammate Mike Ditka, played the second half in a Santos shirt and then was borne aloft through the rain*

Last week, after game No. 1,363 and 22 years as a professional soccer player, Pelé once again became Edson Arantes do Nascimento, citizen of Baurú, Brazil. In the driving rain that raked Giants Stadium in New Jersey, the shirtless Pelé was hoisted to the shoulders of old teammates from the Santos Club of Brazil and fellow players on the NASL Cosmos. "Pe-lê! Pe-lê! Pe-lê!" chanted the 76,000 fans who had come to say goodbye to him.

As he was set down, there passed across Pelé's face a look so open and so affecting—an expression of loss and emptiness—one could hardly endure it. It was gone in a moment, his tears washed away by the rain, but Pelé had given a glimpse of himself and of his greatness, of his surpassing humanity.

Statistics: Pelé's 1,281 lifetime goals are twice the number of his nearest challenger; when he played with the Brazilian national team, it retired the World Cup with victories in 1958, '62 and '70, a feat no other nation has ever accomplished.

Some say that Pelé's feline grace made him king of soccer, some say it was his speed, his ball control, his sense of anticipation. Some talk of his "complete capabilities." Pelé was simply a genius, a marvelous union of brain and muscle.

Pelé, who will be 37 in a few weeks, played in 88 countries, visited with two Popes, five emperors, 10 kings and 108 other heads of state. Pelé became rich, a multimillionaire. In 1975 he was lured to the U.S. from retirement in Brazil by the challenge of popularizing soccer in this country, and in three seasons he may well have turned the trick.

At halftime of the game between Santos and the Cosmos, Pelé took off his Cosmos shirt and put on one of Santos', so that he could retire as a member of the team he began with in 1956. Posing for photos with the youthful Santos players, Pelé looked old, and lines from a poem he had written came to mind: *Everything here is a game ... / What matters is what I've done / And what I'll leave behind ...*





# THE SHARK GETS A RULING WITH BITE

*Suspended for recruiting violations, University of Nevada, Las Vegas Basketball Coach Jerry Tarkanian went to court and won reinstatement in a decision so severely critical of the NCAA that its powers are now threatened* **by RICK TELANDER**

It was a case with enough extraordinary elements to lift it far above the run-of-the-mill NCAA vs. State U. tiff over basketball recruiting violations. At the start there were allegations of bought players, illegal transportation of prospects, fraudulent grades and illegal cash handouts. Along the way came claims of vendettas, intimidation of witnesses, covert wiretappings and overt lying. And at the end there was a judge's decision that may have far-reaching effects on the governing of college sports.

The massive cast included an ornithologist become university president, the Nevada attorney general's office, the NCAA staff, numerous ghetto athletes, a head coach's impassioned wife, a freelance playground scout from Brooklyn, an ex-coach suddenly born again and enough attorneys to fill a free-throw lane.

The case began six years ago when the NCAA opened an investigation of alleged basketball recruiting violations by the University of Nevada, Las Vegas and its coach, Jerry Tarkanian, and its former coach, John Bayer. The case was supposedly closed on Aug. 23 this year, when after numerous hearings and reviews the NCAA informed Las Vegas that its basketball team would be put on probation for two years. Included in the judgment was a recommendation that both Bayer and Tarkanian be barred from all formal or informal participation in the school's athletic program—Tarkanian for the duration of the probation, Bayer forever.

Bayer took the blow quietly. He had already disassociated himself from the athletic program, having shifted to the UNLV physical education department when Tarkanian arrived in 1973 to coach the basketball team. Tarkanian's position was quite different. Though deemed by many college basketball insiders to be the perfect fall guy, he refused to go down. Not only would the suspension cost him his job for two years, but it would also mean loss of income from his biweekly newspaper column, his TV and radio programs, his summer camps and his lectures at basketball clinics. The NCAA's



*Despite victory, Tark vowed to keep fighting*

case, he claimed, was a trumped-up arrangement, a vendetta to get him out of coaching. "Ever since I wrote a column blasting the NCAA while I was at Long Beach State, they've been after me," Tarkanian says. His attorney, Sam Lionel, asserts that the NCAA Committee on Infractions simply will not listen to fact. "Jerry has been denied due process, which is completely wrong," Lionel says. "But even without due process, the man is innocent."

In hopes of obtaining a permanent injunction against the suspension, Tarkanian filed suit on Sept. 8 against the university in Nevada's Eighth Judicial District Court. It was a move loaded with irony, because until Tarkanian's suspension the school had been squarely in his corner. Indeed, UNLV President Donald Baepler, an ornithology professor and a tropical bird expert, had written letters to the NCAA proclaiming his coach's innocence. The irony was compounded when the Nevada attorney general's office, which normally would defend the state institution in such a case, refused to get involved. "Our own 21 months of investigation showed conclusively that Jerry was not guilty," says Deputy Attorney General Brian McKay.

Because the NCAA is a voluntary or-

ganization—that is, no school is required to join it—and had only "recommended" that Tarkanian be suspended, it was not cited in the coach's suit. Nevertheless, it obviously had a lot at stake in the case. A Tarkanian victory in court would be a sharp slap at the NCAA and would call into question its investigatory and enforcement procedures. The most immediate result would be an undermining of the so-called "Tarkanian Rule" enacted by the NCAA in 1975 after Tarkanian had abruptly left Long Beach State—which was about to go on probation—for Vegas. The regulation stipulates that a coach who has been suspended may not shift to another member college without his new school losing its eligibility to appear in postseason play for two years. Many of Tarkanian's supporters maintain that it was his opportune transfer from Long Beach to UNLV, not any newspaper column, that put the NCAA so recklessly on his trail.

And a Tarkanian victory would be an open invitation to other coaches who might be suspended to bring their cases before the bar. In effect, that would take a large measure of the NCAA's disciplinary power over college athletics out of its hands and rest it with the courts. Of course, though the NCAA might lose its authority over individuals, it would still be able to take action against universities, and this became a cause for concern at UNLV. If UNLV reinstated Tarkanian at the court's order, the NCAA technically could put the school on indefinite probation for not following the NCAA's recommendation to suspend him. According to the rules, the NCAA could even suspend Las Vegas from the association. However, it is questionable whether the NCAA could make either of these penalties stick if Tarkanian chose to return to the courts to sue for a second injunction to protect his livelihood.

As the date for Tarkanian's hearing grew near, he and his outspoken wife Lois, who is studying for her doctorate in clinical psychology and preparing a book on her husband's coaching career that can only be described as an apo-

logia, told their story to anyone who would listen. They encountered plenty of skeptics. Tarkanian, stocky and swarthy, unfortunately looks like a shady operator and even more unfortunately has the nickname Tark the Shark. He has been a marked man for years.

When he brought unheralded Long Beach State to overnight national prominence in the early '70s, he aroused suspicions that he had cut recruiting corners. Indeed, a subsequent NCAA investigation showed that the Long Beach basketball program under Tarkanian was guilty of 23 infractions. And his departure for Las Vegas and his sudden success there have not helped him gain a reputation as a rule-abiding coach, either.

"The problem is I get black kids from the ghetto, a lot of kids whose coaches are afraid to recruit, and nobody can believe I don't give them anything," he says. "My reputation has been ruined. My goal in life now is to expose the NCAA for the fraud it is."

Tarkanian felt he had all the evidence he needed to back up that allegation. Typical of the information he and his wife had amassed was an affidavit signed by Jackie Robinson, now a senior on the UNLV basketball squad, that concerned a conversation Robinson says he had with NCAA investigator Lester Burks in April 1973. Robinson was then a widely recruited high school senior who had decided to attend Las Vegas, and he claims he told Burks of several illegal offers made to him by West Coast colleges. These included cash, automobiles and guarantees that he would graduate. Only

#### **"My goal... expose NCAA as a fraud"**

when Robinson mentioned Las Vegas—which he stoutly maintains never offered him anything illegal—did Burks show intense interest. In the Robinson affidavit, Burks is quoted as saying, "Between you and me, I'm not supposed to be saying this, but I know a guy who attended Las Vegas a couple of years ago and he quit. It's easy to pick up \$50 or \$60 a day there. To tell you the truth, if I were a kid coming out of high school, I wouldn't go there. You were recruited by UCLA, weren't you? They told me they wanted you. Why did you choose Las Vegas over UCLA?" According to Robinson, Burks also said, "Tarkanian, he's just one step

ahead of us. But we're out to get him and we will."

In another affidavit, Dwight Taylor, a former Long Beach State player, says that NCAA investigator David Berst told him, "We're out to get Tarkanian and we're going to hang him." To Roscoe Pondexter, who also played for Long

#### **"We're out to get Tarkanian"**

Beach State, Berst allegedly said, "I'm going to get Tarkanian if it takes the rest of my career."

With the NCAA refusing comment on the matter except to say it was satisfied with its investigation and review of the case, Tarkanian seemed to have the weight of the evidence on his side as the hearing began early last week. The defense presented by UNLV's lawyer, Thomas Bell, was simply that due process is not guaranteed a plaintiff against the NCAA, because the NCAA is a voluntary organization, like the Elks or Boy Scouts. If one does not like the NCAA's decisions, he implied, one is free to get out of the association.

Tarkanian's lawyer, Sam Lionel, countered by saying that every American has the "right to liberty and due process" whenever his right of property—in this case, Tarkanian's freedom to earn a living at his chosen profession—is threatened. He then produced a heap of evidence designed to disprove the NCAA's findings. There was, for example, a transcript of a taped conversation between Rodney Parker, who scouts schoolyard players in Brooklyn, and Berst. Lionel purported to show that Berst had later misrepresented the discussion while testifying about it at a hearing of the NCAA's Committee on Infractions.

Near the end of the trial, Lionel produced the so-called "pink file," a collection of sworn statements from players, coaches and others alleging that NCAA investigators were determined to pin something on Tarkanian, whether he was guilty of rule violations or not. Included in the file were affidavits from current and former UNLV and Long Beach State players stating that they had been harassed by investigators in search of information. Evidence was presented that former UNLV Assistant Coach Tony Morocco had not told the truth when he accused Tarkanian of recruiting violations. Lionel charged that investigators

used Morocco's statements against Tarkanian, even after the former assistant, who says he recently "got back into" religion, had informed the NCAA that he had told untruths.

Last Friday, four days after the Tarkanian hearing, District Court Judge James Brennan rendered his ruling. Even to the Tarkanians it was a victory of shocking proportions. After granting a permanent injunction against the coach's suspension, Judge Brennan ripped into the NCAA. He denied its right to make autonomous decisions, stating that when a plaintiff's property rights and liberty are threatened, "the association's action becomes judicial business." Calling the NCAA "a monopoly," he questioned whether there is any viable alternative to its "voluntary" membership. He then castigated the NCAA investigators, calling their evidence against Tarkanian "total 100% hearsay." He said that Berst had "an obsession to the point of paranoia to harm the plaintiff," and that Morocco was "an inveterate liar." In summary, he said the NCAA's case against Tarkanian could be "reduced to one word: INCREDIBLE."

#### **The NCAA's case: "INCREDIBLE"**

UNLV will appeal, and it may be months before the full significance of the case is understood. The NCAA may further discipline UNLV, or it may choose to do nothing, allowing its original, though tainted, probation to stand. The NCAA also may want to take a hard look at its investigative staff, which, says Nevada's Chief Deputy Attorney General, Lyle Rivera, uses procedures so slapdash that a law enforcement agency would be "crucified" for employing them. A congressional investigation of the NCAA, requested by Representative Jim Santani of Nevada, is being considered by John Moss, chairman of the Oversight and Investigations Subcommittee.

Despite these mounting difficulties, the NCAA last weekend continued to remain silent. "Our policy is not to discuss a case once it has been completed," said NCAA spokesman Dave Cawood.

Not surprisingly, Tarkanian was exercising no such restraint. He wanted the NCAA investigators to know he is not satisfied yet. "They better tape their ankles," says the coach, "because the game is just beginning."

END

# IN THE SECOND HALF IT WAS PURE AGGIE-NY

Michigan led Texas A&M 7-3 after two quarters. Then the Wolverines scored five touchdowns, four as a result of turnovers and a blocked punt

by JOE JARES

In chilly, damp Ann Arbor last Saturday afternoon Texas A&M seemed in a dandy position to upset Michigan. The Aggies had trounced highly rated Texas Tech in Lubbock the week before to become the fifth-ranked team in the national polls. They had an improving defense and, more impressively, enough offensive weapons to make NATO envious: David Walker, a heady senior quarterback; Curtis Dickey, the leading all-purpose runner in America (172.3 yards a game); Tony Franklin, who was averaging three field goals a game and was a threat to kick the ball through the uprights and all the way to Kalamazoo; and George Woodard, a massive fullback

who blasts into the line with the impact of a boulder hurtling down a steep slope.

Moreover, the Wolverines, ranked No. 1 the first two weeks of the season, had been so unimpressive in beating Duke 21-9 and Navy 14-7 that the pollsters had demoted them to third. Why, against Navy it appeared Michigan's best executed play was something called "delay of game."

Yet, before a "regional" TV audience that covered most of the country and an in-person crowd of 104,802 (the third largest in Michigan Stadium history), the Wolverines survived a first-half game of giveaway and came back in the last 30 minutes to batter A&M 41-3.

Rumor has it that the conservative coaches at schools like Michigan won't even let the players pass the potatoes at training table; they must slide the platters instead. But, while A&M was repeatedly firing the 272-pound Woodard into the line, Michigan Quarterback Rick Leach passed 18 times, almost one-third of the Wolverines' offensive plays. Never mind that Leach only connected on six. By the long-established standards of Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, 18 passes constitute a mad aerial display.

"Against A&M you've got to be ready to throw," said Schembechler after the game. Then, tongue in cheek, "Just like every game, we came out throwing."

"I'm not a conservative guy. I wish you people would understand that. We have the most dangerous offense there is—lateral passes. Now, today we just threw forward passes."

Leach, the junior who has been doing the passing, both lateral and forward, ever since his first game as a freshman, was born to play for Michigan. In fact,

Quarterback Rick Leach (No. 7) led the cheers and lit the fuse for the Wolverines' 34-point second-half explosion that demolished the Aggies 41-3.



he was born in the University of Michigan Hospital. His father, Richard Sr., and his Uncle Bob were baseball lettermen at Michigan and played on the Wolverines' first NCAA championship team in 1953.

Rick himself is one of the finest all-round athletes to come out of Flint, Mich. He played on the national championship Connie Mack baseball team in 1974, was first-team all-state in football, baseball and basketball and turned down a big bonus from the Philadelphia Phillies to go to Michigan.

In Ann Arbor he has continued to be Mervynellian, leading the baseball team two straight years in hitting (.345 and .316), throwing out runners from center field with his strong arm and performing such feats as playing in a spring football game, then playing in the second game of a baseball doubleheader and driving in the game-winning run.

Leach's parents sit behind the Michigan bench at every home game, and so does his 72-year-old grandmother, who

is a deaf mute (Rick is fluent in sign language). What they have seen in three years of Leach's field generalship is a gradual expansion of Michigan's offensive arsenal.

Schembechler, despite the conservative approach he learned as a player and assistant coach under Woody Hayes, knows at least as much about offense as A&M Coach Emory Ballard, co-inventor of the wishbone. Michigan led the nation in scoring last year with its I formation and Leach threw 13 touchdown passes, tying the school single-season record. In fact, going into the A&M game, the Wolverines had scored at least six points in 109 straight games, dating back to two seasons before Schembechler arrived. But this season the offense had been sputtering.

Still, the two schools, which had not met since 1970 when Michigan beat A&M 14-10, seemed to match up fairly well. Leach versus Walker, both lefties, both experts at the option. Wolverine Tailback Harlan Huckleby, a speedster

averaging 114.3 yards per game to rival Dickey's 108.3. Fullback Russell Davis, averaging 5.3 yards a carry to Woodard's 4.9. But A&M had a vast edge in place-kicking with Franklin.

"We can't play A&M even and win, because of their kicker," Schembechler said. "We've got to be superior. You don't get returns and you don't get field position. He's the greatest kicker in football." Schembechler so feared Franklin's bare right foot that even though Michigan won the pregame coin flip, it elected to kick off.

"I had been thinking about that all week," said Schembechler. "I didn't want to receive the ball and have that guy kick it into the end zone with no return. Then we're at the 20 and if we don't move the ball we punt and they get it at midfield. Then they get three points. I've got confidence in my offense, but on a wet, windy day I think this was the right move."

In retrospect, Schembechler's analysis is hard to fault, but in the first period there were those who wondered if Mich-

*continued*

*Crushed by the Michigan defense, Texas A&M Quarterback David Walker ended the afternoon with minus 14 yards rushing and only one pass completion.*





Fullback George Woodard pounded for 153 yards, but his lost fumble led to a Michigan score

**AGGIE-NY** continued

igan was ever going to want the ball this day. With the wind at his back, Leach constantly was overthrowing his receivers in the first quarter and the Wolverine running backs weren't going anywhere against the rugged A&M line.

But for those who appreciate the finer points of football—like barefooted field-goal kicking, Woody Hayes-like tantrums directed at the officials, fumbles perfectly timed to heighten the drama—the game was a joy. Mind you, these two teams still can't play giveaway with the likes of Oklahoma, but their fumble coordinators should be congratulated nevertheless.

In Michigan's second series, Huckleby took a pitchout right and made four yards. Michigan was called for holding, and Schembechler blew his top, leading to a penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct. The combined penalties cost the Wolverines 27 yards, putting them back on their 11. Schembechler said later that the official had refused to tell him what the penalty was for, and that's why he lost his temper. After the Duke game two weeks before, he had accused the Big Ten officials of standing around "like goons" while the Atlantic Coast Conference officials robbed his team. For that, Schembechler had been reprimanded by Big Ten commissioner Wayne Duke.

Late in the first quarter a fumble by Michigan's Davis on his own 27 led to A&M's only score. The Aggies had a

fourth and one on the Michigan seven and decided not to go for the first down, even with Woodard. In went Franklin, the only kicker A&M has ever recruited, the man who once kicked a 65-yard field goal, the man who kicks 225 field goals a week in three days of practice. He calmly booted—er, footed—a 24-yarder to give A&M a 3-0 lead. It was his last chance to show his stuff because after that the Aggies only twice had the ball in Michigan territory.

In the second quarter Davis fumbled once again, on his own 36, but a few plays later Walker made a bad pitchout, Michigan's Ron Simpkins recovered at his own 19 and Leach led the Wolverines on an 81-yard march, helped along by two face-mask penalties. Davis took the occasion to redeem himself for his earlier fumbles, capping the drive with a four-yard scoring run. Gregg Wilner added the extra point, and Michigan led 7-3 at the half.

During the intermission Woodard's 23 first-half line plunges drew as much comment from press-box wisas as Leach's futile but persistent passing.

"I never thought I'd see a coach more conservative than Bo," said one.

"They should call him Emory Dillard," said another.

The sloppily played but tight game broke open midway through the third quarter, when Michigan Linebacker Don Tedesco recovered a Woodard fumble

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENZ KLUETMEIER

ble on the A&M 40. Five plays later Davis went in from the one-foot line for Michigan's second touchdown. But Holder Curt Stephenson fumbled the snap, tried to run and was smothered under a pile of Aggies Michigan 13-3.

It was Stephenson's turn to make up for a mistake 17 plays later. The Wolverines' walk-on wide receiver got loose in the end zone and caught a Leach floater for a 35-yard touchdown play. Wilner's PAT made it 20-3.

Now A&M was giving the ball away, and Michigan was capitalizing on its opportunities. Huckleby scored from eight yards out a few plays after Dwight Hicks intercepted a Walker pass. Simpkins blocked an A&M punt, and Jim Pickens picked it up at the goal line and carried it in. Defensive Back Mike Jolly intercepted a pass from freshman Mike Mosley at the 50 and ran it all the way back for the final TD.

Mainly because Walker couldn't get anything going, A&M had been humiliated. He had passed effectively the week before against Texas Tech, but finished the day in Ann Arbor with one completion and an interception for nine attempts. He also had been dropped for minus 14 yards rushing. Dickey was held to just 45 yards in 15 carries. Woodard carried 39 times for 153 yards but most of them were meaningless.

"We did not want Dickey beating us with a big play," said Schembechler. "We knew the big guy would make yards on the inside, and he did. But Dickey did not get outside on the pitches."

"In the first half we had opportunities and didn't do anything with them," said Bellard. "I thought we were no worse than even in the first half. But Michigan came out in the second half and beat us every way you can beat a football team—offensively, defensively and in the kicking game. They have been No. 1 and should be ranked pretty highly."

"I'd just as soon not be No. 1," said Schembechler. "It's a pain in the neck. No. 1, No. 1, No. 1. It's only been four games. Who cares?"

For one, Michigan Linebacker/Punter Anderson, who helped keep A&M in the hole by averaging 43.2 yards on nine kicks. "This was a super important game," he said. "It told us, hey, we're here, we can play with the best of 'em."

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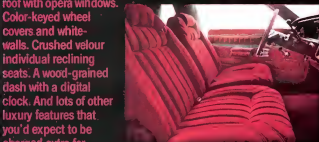
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But before you set out, remember to bring a few glasses and a big bucket of ice. Because the second your shovel smacks into that buried case, you're going to want to settle down and savor some C.C. right on the spot. And if you can't make it up to the Thousand Islands to go hunting for our buried treasure, why not just head down to the nearest tavern or package store and say, "C.C., please."

Scattered along the St. Lawrence River, the Thousand Islands form a speckled boundary between Ontario and New York State. Since the early 1900's they've been a paradise for millionaires and a playground for sportsmen. And on one of them we buried a case of Canadian Club.

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# THE LAND OF PETER PAN

Not to mention the fearless Slats Cabbage, the Ruggerfesters and just about everybody. Aspen is where sporting folks have found the Mountain of Youth

by SAM MOSES

The solitary jogger padded along the valley road that ends in the ruddy face of the Maroon Bells mountain southwest of Aspen, Colo. It was early; the sun had reached the valley's western cliff, turning it to burnt sienna, but the eastern cliff was still a shadowed mauve. The landscape looked like a wedge of layer cake: a bottom layer of mist, a middle layer of mountain spotted with the fall's first snowfall, the icing formed by wind-whipped clouds and white sky. Puddles from the previous night's storm lay unruffled on the road, and the jogger, dressed only in track shorts and a T shirt, dodged them like a halfback. Vapor puffed from his lips in measured exhalations, taken on every fourth step; he knew that at Aspen's altitude, nearly 8,000 feet, the trick to breathing is in the exhalation: concentrate on the exhalation and the rhythm of the inhalation will come on its own.

A red Monte Carlo with a white vinyl top approached from the opposite direction, the windows shut and steamy. It slowed, then stopped and the driver's window rolled down. "Excuse me," began a woman, "but does this road lead to Maroon Lake?"

"It's about a mile up," panted the runner, without breaking the rhythm of his breathing.

"Aren't you terribly cold dressed like that?" asked the woman.

"No," the runner said, responding to her look of incredulity with a small smile. "I just keep moving."

"What are you getting ready for, the ski season or something?"

The runner was not a skier. "No," he said, "just the day."

The woman was a tourist. An Aspen resident wouldn't have given the runner a second thought. Aspen is perhaps the most sports-conscious town in the country. It has the environment for virtually every athletic activity known to man. About the only thing missing is an ocean.

Aspen was once one of the greatest silver camps in the West, but the economic bottom dropped out in 1893 with the repeal of the Sherman Act. For the next four decades Aspen's population dwindled from a peak of nearly 12,000 to 600. Then, during World War II, the Tenth Mountain Division trained at nearby Camp Hale. After the war, many of its members returned to settle in Aspen and created the new boom: physical fitness. A Chicago industrialist named Walter Paepeke discovered the town and decided it would be the ideal setting for his dream of an institute, which, as he put it, would be devoted to "Man's complete life—to earn a livelihood, to enjoy nature and physical recreation and to have available facilities for education."

Paepeke, who died in 1960, saw Aspen as an American Salzburg and the town remembers him as a patron, not an exploiter. His philosophy and values are the basis of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, a renowned think tank founded in 1949. The Institute studies problems in population, communication, environment, science and technology and holds seminars on the classics and humanities each summer. For every three hours devoted to academics, at least another hour is spent in some form of physical activity.

For every leisure suit in Denver, there

must be a warm-up suit in Aspen. Last year there were 7,532 registered voters in the Aspen area and 5,000 participants in organized city sports, plus thousands more in sports that weren't sponsored by the city. In one 45-square-block area of downtown Aspen, there are 21 sports stores and perhaps a half dozen health centers. There are approximately 70 tennis courts in Aspen, a municipal golf course and a country club that has open membership. And outside of town, there are hundreds of miles of trout streams, hiking paths and Jeep trails.

Whether such activity draws beautiful people or creates them is arguable, but no one can suggest that Aspen does not have more than its share. To figure the age of an average Aspen local, look at his or her body, take a reasonable guess based on what bodies should look like at certain years in life, then add about 10 years. "A lot of people come here and see all the beautiful bodies and get intimidated," says one woman with a body beautiful enough to intimidate anyone. "They go away feeling insecure and depressed. They don't realize that those bodies don't just happen; it's because they belong to athletes."

The peer pressure to reap such corporeal rewards through athletics is strong, and it's not very subtle. A lady who works at the local sailplane school says, "Recently I was writing one of those How-I-Spent-My-Summer letters and I came to realize that you've wasted your summer here unless you've done something athletic. People look at you as if they're thinking, 'What's wrong with you, anyhow?'" So I learned to ride a motorcycle this summer. It's just keeping up with the Joneses on a different level."

Aspen is best known as a ski town, of course. Aspen Mountain, called Ajax by the locals (Ajax is its name from silver-mining days), is one of the great ski

continued

mountains of the world—and the town is full of people who can ski its runs well. The population of the area triples most winters to more than 30,000. Many skiers stay through the winter, decide to settle in town—and then naturally turn to summer sports.

One such is Hank Tomlinson, regarded by many as Aspen's most dedicated ski instructor—and there are 350 of them working at the four ski areas of Ajax, Highlands, Snowmass and Buttermilk. In the summer Tomlinson plays tennis every day. "Aspen has experienced the tennis boom at least as much as the rest of the country," he says. "It's tennis mad. Courts have sprouted up all over. There are probably 20 private courts in the area, and close to 50 courts belonging to clubs and public facilities."

When Tomlinson isn't playing tennis, he sells real estate. The play-before-work order of priorities is endemic. "Hardly anybody is into making money here," says one resident. "They just like to play too much. It's tough to stay here because it's so expensive, but people find a way. The trick is to eke it out."

"Eking it out" requires resourcefulness in a town with one of the highest costs of living in the country. Last year Big Jim Furness (6' 7", 250 pounds, once a Penn State varsity tackle) announced he was giving up his life as a country club member in Burial. He got the idea when his brother-in-law opened the door of an airplane to throw the ashes of a gentleman named Old Slim to the wind. One reason the

company never got off the ground, so to speak, is that there's not much dying in Aspen. Another is that the test run, so to speak, was less than outstanding—the wind threw Old Slim right back in the pilot's face.

Jim Gibbons, who played tight end for the Detroit Lions from 1958 through 1967 and went to the Pro Bowl three of those years, is now a salesman for an Aspen real estate company owned by another ex-pro, Dick Fitzgerald. Both men, plus another former pro, Charley Podolak, coach junior high school football. "I was just a jock in Detroit, even though it was a big city," says Gibbons. "Here, in a town with a population of only 6,000, no one is a jock because everyone is a jock. In Aspen, I'm just Jim Gibbons. That's why I came here."

One of Gibbons' former associates, Millard Kelley, the Lions' trainer from 1955 to 1967, is the Aspen High School trainer and a physical therapist at the Aspen Alps Health Spa. He will soon become manager of a new health establishment, The Aspen Club. Kelley is 53—an old man in Aspen—and looks 43; silver hair is the only real clue to his age. His eyes are as clear as those of a teen-ager, and his body is fit as that of most men 20 years younger. "I treat a phenomenal number of injuries considering the size of this town," he says. "We're killing our knees and backs and could almost keep me in business."

The experience and talents of a professional trainer like Kelley are welcome and appreciated in Aspen. No wonder: there are 48 city-league softball teams and 12 flag football teams, and the leagues include both men's and women's teams. The caliber of flag football—the rules are the same as in touch except a player is considered downed when a plastic strip is pulled from his or her waist—is high; the three ex-pros play in the league, and it is rough. But softball is the town's passion in the summer. For four years Aspen's program was supervised by an energetic man named Tom Burt, who was guided by the theory that softball is supposed to be fun. And he pushed this idea, often in frustration.

"Aspen is so athletically competitive it gets downright depressing sometimes," says Burt. "Daily, for years, I tried to convince the coaches and players to ease off. I cornered them one at a time in bars. Finally, last year, I think we may have got some place."



Whether he did and whether the change will be a lasting one remains to be seen. The new supervisor, Gary Speckman—who originally initiated the program—is an efficient administrator with an outlook on softball described by an acquaintance as, simply, "crazed."

"Aspen is certainly sports-conscious in the sense that the people stay in shape so they can admire their own bodies," says Peter Locram, whose favorite summer sport is kayaking, "but in terms of commitment, I don't think it is so sports-conscious. There are a lot of expensive bicycles on racks and new kayaks on car-tops around here, but a lot of them don't get unstrapped very often; it's for show, like wearing jogging shoes to go barhopping. I think Eugene, Oregon has a much purer attitude toward sports."

It is hard to separate the Aspen athlete from the Aspen pseudo-athlete by sight; there is a lot of athletic posturing on the streets. There are men who walk around with hunched shoulders the way high school boys do when they want to exaggerate their muscles. And it is a bit startling to see a man in rugged mountain clothes wearing a unisex hair style. Foster's Lager, a rich Australian brew, is big in Aspen. "I think it's because it comes in 25-ounce cans," says a liquor-store owner. "Those big cans are rugged, man-sized. I once got a shipment of Foster's in 12-ounce bottles and nearly had to give it away."

"The real beauty of this town lies a few layers down," says Bruce Gordon, a former collegiate soccer player who has been on mountain-climbing expeditions

continued





## In Sunnyside, Utah, they've always had too much water.

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in Mexico and Nepal, where he climbed Makalu, the world's fourth highest mountain. Gordon helps coach the kids' soccer teams in Aspen. He was raised in Brooklyn and now lives in a cabin in the woods and thinks a lot. His dress runs toward mismatched socks and corduroys with holes in the knees. "The trouble is that the shallow sports scene is the one that is the most visible," he says. "But for every jock who struts around town with a football under his arm, there is another one with a disciplined attitude toward sports."

One of the men Gordon could be talking about is the supervisor of the kids' soccer program, a student of sports named Roger Moyer. Moyer, 36, is 6' and 160 pounds. In high school he lettered

in football four years, baseball, basketball and track, two each; wrestling and gymnastics, one each. He is proficient at bicycle racing, rock climbing, kayaking, Alpine and Nordic skiing, water skiing, volleyball, tennis and soccer. He concentrates a lot on yoga and aikido nowadays; someday he plans to try modern dance. As superb an athlete as he is, many of the jocks in town have never heard of him because he avoids bars and is generally low key.

Moyer is a painting contractor and has organized his business so he can take off for a month or two if the mood strikes him. In the summer of 1976 he was in a kayaking mood and he kayaked around Europe with Peter Looman. Kayaking is extremely popular in Aspen; there are two enterprises in town offering kayak expeditions or day trips along the Colorado or Arkansas Rivers, and there are about a dozen excellent runs through nearby gorges, canyons and valleys. One section of Aspen's Roaring Fork is navigable for 40 miles when there is a heavy mountain runoff in early summer—the best season for kayakers because of the rushing streams and warm weather—and it includes one of the most challenging runs in the world, a seven-mile stretch called Slaughterhouse.

The Colorado Whitewater Association holds eight or nine kayak races in the Aspen area during the summer. Says one non-resident, "Aspen has more kayakers than anywhere. We used to pooh-pooh them, but now they're developing into good boaters, especially in the big waters. There's a terrific potential in Aspen because the Roaring Fork is right there for them, and many of them ski, which has tremendous similarities to kayaking—especially the same body control, sort of an extension of the hips. Then there's that Aspen attitude that goes, 'See if you can do this, see if you can do that; anything you can do, I can do better.' Consequently there are a lot of very brave boaters in Aspen, and eventually they may be the very best in the world."

Roger Moyer travels around by bicycle, which is common in Aspen and is another reason the townspeople are so fit. Given the high cost of living, automobiles are an expense many can't justify.

Aspen has its own bicycle racing team, and its own race. The Aspen Alpine Cup reaches the highest elevation of any bicycle race in North America, 12,096 feet, and is generally considered the most dif-

ficult in the country. (Until 1976 it was also the biggest, but now the Red Zinger Classic in Boulder, with its \$25,000 purse, attracts more competitors.) The Alpine Cup is a three-day, 250-mile race; each of the first two days consists of a long, mountainous leg. The first leg crosses Independence Pass along a narrow, winding road bordered on one side by cliffs and a few guardrails; top riders have been known to cover one downhill four-mile stretch of this leg in four minutes. On the final day there is a 40-mile criterium on a 2.2-mile course. The criterium follows the streets of downtown Aspen and spectators line the curbs to whoop and cheer like kids at a Fourth of July parade.

Almost as popular as the Alpine Cup is the Motherlode Volleyball Tournament, which usually draws about 100 two-member teams. But the most popular and best-known event in Aspen is a rugby tournament, held the last weekend in September, called the Ruggerfest. In 1976 the Aspen City Council discussed restricting the use of Wagner Park, the field in the center of town, to protect the grass, and at the special meeting called to deal with the problem it was suggested that rugby didn't do an awful lot of good for the grass, and maybe the Ruggerfest should be canceled for a year. "We can't cancel the Ruggerfest," cried Councilman Pete DeGregorio, who is the high school football coach and a rugby player. "Canceling the Ruggerfest would be like canceling fall in Aspen." He didn't get any arguments.

"The final game of the Ruggerfest is as good a game of rugby as you'll see played in the United States," says John McDermott, an Englishman who taught rock climbing and kayaking before he moved to the U.S. McDermott, who is 5' 8", 160 pounds, and one of the Aspen Gentlemen's best kickers, is also their coach and captain. He first saw Aspen when he played in the 1975 Ruggerfest for the champions, the Flying Pumpkins, a team composed largely of UCLA and Santa Monica players. The following spring he returned to Aspen, found himself a job and went home to Santa Monica just long enough to gather up his wife and baby.

"I had lived in Southern California for three years, just waiting for someplace like Aspen," says McDermott. "The crowd at that Ruggerfest, 4,000 people standing on the sidelines cheering, ce-

continued



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## ASPEN continued

mented it for me. I hadn't played rugby for a crowd like that since I was back in England. I moved to Aspen just to play this game."

One of the best-known rugby players is Rick Deane. Deane has lived in Aspen for all of his 33 years; his great-grandfather hiked over Independence Pass in the 1880s, and was one of the town's early settlers. Rick, his brother Buck and his mother Louise own and manage the T-Lazy-7, a guest ranch in the Maroon Creek Valley. (A third Deane son was killed by an avalanche in Utah's Wasatch Mountains.) Louise, known to the townsfolk as Lou, bought the T-Lazy-7 with her late husband in 1938, after a brief career in New York City.

The Deane family is something out of *The Virginian*. But don't call Rick a cowboy. "I am a mountain man," he says succinctly.

Deane heads for the mountains at any excuse; he had to sit out last year's Ruggerfest because he had missed several practices while he was in the mountains for nearly a week, hunting elk with a musket. He got his elk, which he hauled home by pack mule, stayed down long enough to butcher the meat, then went back to the mountains with a flatbed truck, chain saws and axes to cut the winter's supply of firewood for the ranch. "I wish I could stay up in the mountains all the time and only come down to play rugby and go racing," he says.

In his orange Firebird convertible, Deane is the fastest local stock car racer. They don't race stock cars in Aspen quite the way they do anywhere else in the world. In contrast to most of Aspen's sports events, the stock car races are virtually slapstick.

"Just like racing up to the mountains and back with a bunch of buddies," Deane describes it. All it takes to race is a roll bar in the car, any car, a seatbelt, fire extinguisher, crash helmet and \$10 entry fee. There are three classes. Slow, in which a \$500 claiming rule applies. Fast and Superfast. The cars have things like draft-beer tap handles for gearshift knobs, and the steering wheels have spinner knobs with naked ladies leering through the magnifying plastic. The engines are caked with grime, and there is more oil over the valve covers than inside them. Amidst the smoke, a car may leave behind a trail of blowing leaves, collected on the floor from sitting out in the backyard.

continued



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ASPEN continued

The most infamous entrant is the Dirt Bags of Aspen. Their slogan is, "Show me a bag and I'll show you some dirt." C. B. Ringo is the driver and Fulton Begley III is the crew chief, only he calls himself the pointer. Begley's chief areas of responsibility are radiator caps, lug nuts and air. When Ringo wheels in for one of his frequent pit stops, those are the things Begley mostly points at.

The Dirt Bags were the Cabbage Racing Team until Dr. Slat's Cabbage resigned as driver. In its first race, Slat's Dodge Dart featured a cabbage as a hood ornament. But he had to attach it himself. First he went to the hardware store and bought the bolt. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Oh," said Slat. "just long enough to fit through a cabbage." Then he went to the market. "How big a cabbage do you want?" asked the grocer. Slat's whipped the bolt out of his pocket and said, "Oh, big enough to fit over this bolt."

Dirt Bags, ne Cabbage, is sponsored by Aspen State Teachers College, a strictly "aolo accreditare" institution. One day Marc Demmon and Al Pendorf (a.k.a. Cabbage and Begley) decided that what Aspen lacked was team spirit, which couldn't very well exist unless there was a team. So they invented the college and a football team for the sake of the homecoming game—the Aspen Brooms now play imaginary opponents every fall, and last year they only lost two games. Demmon and Pendorf soon found themselves in business, printing a campus newspaper and selling college gee-gaws from the ASTC "bookstore," as well as sponsoring all sorts of whimsical activities. They also found themselves on *To Tell the Truth*. "Those characters are good for Aspen," says one 30-year resident. "Aspen needs more of a sense of humor. This is the way it used to be."

Aspen's reputation as Jock City is self-perpetuating. It not only draws jocks, but also makes jocks, and it will likely continue to do so. Bruce Gordon's theory, which he suggests is "slightly weird," is that Aspen's altitude stimulates people's brain cells and in some way makes them want to keep active. But chances are the explanation is simpler than that. It was the environment and physical potential of the town that drew the athletes, and now, as well as that, it is the opportunities and attitude that keep and will continue to keep them.

END

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# HAVE A WHALE OF A TIME

Let your kids take a mighty cut—and even cut up a bit by themselves—and the chances are they will soon be eager to be golfers *by JACK NICKLAUS*

Hitting things with sticks comes naturally to most children. Put a youngster in a field with nothing better to do and, like as not, he'll pick up a switch and start decapitating dandelions. Give him a bat or a racket and he'll begin swinging it even before you toss him a ball. Often he'll make a pretty good pass at whatever he's trying to hit just by instinct. If he enjoys what he's doing—and most children I know like spontaneous physical activity—he'll get better at it simply by watching and copying how other people do it.

That's how my children started the games they play, and with golf in particular I can't think of a better way. The big danger with too much early adult direction is an overprogrammed, overcomplex approach to what is essentially a pretty straightforward act—hitting a ball with a stick. Many parents who tee it up on weekends suffer from paralysis by analysis. The best way to avoid that in children is to encourage them at first simply to whale away at a golf ball with no objective other than giving it a sturdy wallop. The rest can come later if and when a youngster decides that it would be more fun to really try to play golf, rather than just beating bulk around.

The chances of that happening are proportionate to how much enjoyment the child has gotten out of belting balls. It is a bad idea, in my view, to try to force a youngster into a game just because you play. And it is even worse to move him along too fast because you want him to excel at a game—one of the problems with Little League baseball and other junior-level team sports. You have to love a sport to play it well, and love grows out of enjoyment, not coercion.

The greatest thing my father did for me was to invite me to try golf, and then, when I liked it, to give me the oppor-



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tunity to play. There was no "must" or even "should" about it. If he suggested I join him for a round and I didn't want to, that was fine. If I wanted to go to the movies instead of practicing, that was fine, too. The only pressure he put on me in regard to golf was to abide by the game's ethics and traditions. The big decisions were mine.

One of these was to join the weekly junior group golf program run by Jack Grout at Scioto Country Club in Columbus. I was 10 at the time and a lot crazier about baseball and football than golf. But a couple of hours a week beating balls with 40 or 50 children under Jack Grout's enthusiastic but uncomplicated direction quickly showed me three things about the game that caught and held my interest.

First, it was a sport you could play by yourself, and at any time, which appealed to what I suppose were the beginnings of a desire for independence. The second thing was that, although it looked easy, golf was in fact extremely challenging, more so than playing baseball or football. This appealed to my youthful competitiveness. Finally, hitting a ball well was a heck of a lot more fun than hitting it badly, which made me want to get better at it as quickly as possible.

It was the group coaching that really gave me the bug. Looking back, I think I see the reasons why such programs are excellent for moving a child on from hitting balls to playing.

Most children like to do things with other children rather than with adults. The reason, of course, is that by so doing they are participating and competing on their own level, not the remote and seemingly unattainable levels of grown-ups. This is particularly important in terms of distance—the proper beginning goal of all youngsters. No matter how

continued



close an adult-child relationship is, it has to be frustrating and perhaps intimidating for a youngster to be continually out-hit. Junior group experience minimizes the differential.

Also there is the pleasure of peer approval, which comes with developing skills. I got a kick out of being hauled from the line by Jack Grout to show the rest of the kids "how to hit down on it" and "how to get out of a bunker" or whatever. I'm sure that wanting to remain a demonstrator and model was as great a spur to improvement as playing better for its own sake. I know I certainly worked harder after Jack Grout had used someone else to show off a particular shot or technique.

Another plus in teaching youngsters in groups is that they naturally move from learning and practicing to playing together. Adults can get satisfaction from competing against the course, or from trying to strike the ball well. Such challenges are too esoteric for children. They relate much better to competition with those of their own age than to things like par or a particular fighting of the ball. Youngsters who play with adults or alone eventually get bored because they rarely get to compete against a fair and realistic adversary. Also children playing together soon learn how to handle both winning and losing—a very important educational experience.

The cost of golf is bound to be a consideration for many parents who would like their children to try the game. Hand-me-down or loaned clubs, sharing of the professional's time, and special playing or membership fees of a well-conceived junior program can offer considerable savings. Sometimes this is the only way a child can enter the game. And in some areas of the country it is the only way youngsters can get onto decent golf courses, which, in my opinion, is a sad commentary on adult selfishness.

Once a youngster gets past the knock-about stage, what should he be taught? Beyond the fact that golf is meant to be fun and that it calls for good manners and sportsmanlike behavior, I'd suggest only enough at the outset to prevent him from having to break bad swing habits at some later point in life.

One trap that Jack Grout tried hard to avoid—and one I constantly have to try even harder to avoid with my children—is giving too much information at a time. Even tour pros find it difficult to

work on more than one thing at the golf swing, so it's pretty unrealistic to expect more than that of a child.

What a youngster first needs to be shown—and showing is better than just telling—is how to hold the club and set up squarely to the ball with good posture. The most effective way of starting a good grip is simply to tell the youngster to "shake hands with the club" exactly as he would with a person. To get a beginner in a more or less square address position show him how to stand parallel to wherever he wants the ball to go. To build the basics of good posture—a much-neglected factor, I find, among late-beginning adults—ask the child to extend the club horizontally and at arms' length, then bend over from the waist with the back straight and head comfortably erect.

Once he has these elements down fairly well, any reasonably coordinated youngster of eight or nine will quickly become able to make decent enough contact to move the ball forward a good part of the time. As the youngster progresses, work on keeping his head steady, and on turning his body to and fro to enable the hands and arms to swing the club as freely as possible. Avoid too many specifics, especially making a child position-conscious. Rather, emphasize freedom and fluidity of movement.

One point that I try hard to get across to my older boys, against the day when they start analyzing their swings, is the role of the clubhead. Most adult mis-hits are not caused by lack of talent so much as by ignorance of the basic objective of the swing, or by preoccupation with swing particularities.

The objective of golf isn't a certain type of grip, set-up or swing, but a certain kind of club-ball impact. Expressed simply, what every golfer is trying to do—or should be—is to meet the ball with the clubhead swinging momentarily in the direction he wants it to fly with the face also looking in that direction. If that's true, then how a player grips, sets up and swings are of consequence only in relation to achieving this goal, not as art forms in themselves, which is how many adults seem to see them.

Over the years certain broad principles of gripping, setting up and swinging have been found to make the primary goal of correct club-ball impact easier to attain. The more you can keep a young golfer's mind on this primary goal and

on the fundamentals that will most easily enable him to achieve it, the better his prospects as a player. Technical frills are unimportant.

When Jack Grout was questioned about some inconsequential technicality by a pupil—and I in particular asked a million such questions—his answers inevitably would be framed around a fundamental:

"Mr. Grout, how far should my hips turn on the backswing?"

"Just turn those shoulders, Jack, and keep that right knee nice and flexed. Go on, now, let's see you hit a couple hundred more doing that."

Evasive as he always was about effects as opposed to causes, Jack Grout was explicit when it came to explaining the "why" as well as the "how" of anything he regarded as fundamental to good swinging. Given a talented student who showed real interest in the game, he would strive to make the young golfer understand the reason for a particular move rather than teach its physical execution.

My earliest golfing hero, Bobby Jones, once told my father, who relayed the conversation, "I think I was a fairly good young golfer, but I never became a really good one until I had been competing for a number of seasons. When I first started to play in big tournaments, whenever anything went wrong I'd run home to Stewart Maiden, our pro at East Lake. Finally, I matured to the point where I understood my game well enough to make corrections myself during the course of a tournament, and that's when I believe I became a good golfer."

Up to that point I'd often become impatient with Jack Grout's insistence on explaining causes when we were standing there with 500 balls to hit. I had also gotten into the habit of running back to him whenever the slightest thing seemed to be going wrong with my swing. I stopped doing both after hearing of the Jones conversation, and I have been very thankful to Jack Grout since for giving me the basic knowledge that has allowed me to be my own swing doctor. In selecting pros for children, I recommend parents look hard for that quality.

How much formal training youngsters need depends on how fast they progress and how interested they become. If there is a real commitment to golf, plus obvious talent for it, then on-the-course playing lessons are an excellent way to illustrate that the game consists of two el-

*continued*

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ements—striking the ball and scoring. Self- and course-management, etiquette and awareness of rules generally can be best taught on the course—initially, by adult example.

As my youngsters progress, my chief concerns on the practice tee are their tempo and balance. But good judgment is needed here not to put too early or too heavy a curb on a youngster's natural desire to rip every shot. Jack Grout did me another favor by always encouraging me to hit the ball hard. He put a high priority on distance, first, because it's the most obvious and enjoyable goal of a youngster, and second and most important, because it's an asset if and when the game is taken seriously later on. Another reason for this "Hit it hard and long and worry about direction later" philosophy was the muscular and mental inhibitions that can permanently afflict golfers who become accuracy-conscious too soon. Such people can very rarely make themselves give the ball a really good belt in later years, whereas uninhibited swingers learn to control their shoes as they mature.

If a youngster has problems taming his "rip it" tendencies when the time seems appropriate for him to do so, one way of helping him might be to get him heavier clubs. Short, light clubs are essential for very young or not particularly strong children, but it's my belief that most children should move to adult weights as soon as possible, both to force a slowing down of tempo and to promote a true swinging motion. The theory certainly seems to have worked with my eldest son, Jack, who has been playing with the same weight clubs that I use since he was 13.

Another thing that can help a young golfer is warming up before a round and doing swing-building exercises afterward. The reasons, of course, are that practice is most physically productive when muscles are fresh in your mind, and most mentally productive when you don't have to sleep with them.

Whichever way you choose to guide a child, be sure to impart a sense of fun. At first, that will almost certainly lie simply in hitting—or hitting at—a golf ball. Once it begins to fly upward and forward, the child who doesn't want to compete with his new skill is rare indeed.

Encourage that desire to the utmost, because, although competition may not be all of what life's about, it surely does add spice to it.

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## PASSIONATE SUITORS FOR A WILD PARADISE

Minnesota is split, Congressmen from the same party are pushing opposing bills, tempers are erupting—over what is best for a matchless million acres  
by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

It is a conflict of immense bitterness, a classic battle that combines the fanaticism of a religious war with the deep and indecipherable passions of an ancient feud between families. It is a controversy with roots that reach back 100 years and, some think, might well continue for another 100. The fight is over a million acres of land that are among the most beautiful on the planet—the Boundary Waters Canoe Area, a lake-dotted wilderness along the Minnesota-Canada border. Among its treasures are the famous Ely Greenstone, one of the oldest rocks on earth, having been formed 2.75 billion years ago, and some of the world's most majestic stands of red pine, some of which were seedlings in the 16th century, years before the doughty voyageurs canoed through the area.

The dispute is over the future of this land: Will it be a wilderness protected



*Purists say that the pristine beauty of the Boundary Waters should be preserved.*

against incursion by commerce? Or will huge tracts of it be permanently open to all manner of activity—logging and logging roads and God only knows what forms of motorized mass recreation?

There is anger and intransigence on both sides, harsh accusations and huge exaggerations. Yet there can be no doubt that this is a critical point in the history of the Boundary Waters wilderness. Sigurd Olson, 78, the author-guru of the Minnesota north woods, puts it this way: "I have been in this fight since I was a very young man, and others were in it long before me. If we lose now, if the Boundary Waters Canoe Area is dismembered, we will never get it back. This is it. The issues have never been so clearly cut before: do we want to dismantle this wilderness or is it precious enough to save? That is the crux of it."

True enough. But though the issues



*Congressional hearings weighed fervid testimony praising and condemning the widely contrasting bills of two rival Minnesota Democrats, Donald Fraser (left) and James Oberster*

may be clear and the crux plain to see, the resolution of the controversy is by no means easy to predict. Last week the fate of the Boundary Waters Canoe Area, of its lakes, its Greenstone, its red pine, its bald eagles, timber wolves and beavers was bound up in the intricate machinery of the U.S. Congress—held hostage, as it were, to politics.

This is nothing new, for over the years the BWCA has come to be as much an appendage of politics as the defense budget or the interstate highway system. There may be no other section of wilderness in America that has been more frequently threatened with various forms of damage or destruction—and that has been more consistently rescued by the

enlightened acts of politicians. Indeed, the current status of the BWCA is no more than a logical—perhaps even inevitable—extension of its history as a political by-product.

At the turn of the 20th century, this region included one of the last large areas of true wilderness in the U.S. In 1902 a farseeing Minnesota forestry commissioner named C. C. Andrews persuaded the U.S. Land Office to set aside as public domain vast tracts of it. In 1909 Teddy Roosevelt issued Presidential Proclamation 848 making the area—1,019,000 acres—part of the national forest system. In 1926 Secretary of Agriculture William Jardine, who was an otherwise all but anonymous public servant, issued an ex-

cerpted

executive order designating it a "wilderness area," thereby excluding roads from 1,000 square miles of the best canoe country anywhere. Nevertheless, the notorious timber baron E. W. Backus declared he was going to begin large-scale logging in the area and, more than that, he planned to build a series of hydroelectric dams in the hitherto pristine chain of lakes along the border. After a bitter fight in Congress, a bill was passed that blocked all of Backus' schemes. In the late 1940s there was another threat to the region: bush pilots began regularly flying fishermen to lakes deep inside the forest. A thriving resort industry burgeoned. Sigurd Olson, among others, protested that the wilderness was becoming polluted, ruined by these squads of flying fishermen.

In 1948 Congress passed an act allowing the government to buy up and destroy the resorts. The following year Harry Truman was persuaded to sign an executive order that banned all flights into the BWCA. Steadily over the years there have been various executive orders, acts of Congress and lawsuits that tightly controlled lumbering in the area, limited the use of motorboats and reduced and ultimately forbade mining. In 1973 a federal court issued an injunction against all logging until an environmental impact study could be made. The injunction was overturned last year, but the logging companies agreed to a temporary

moratorium. In 1976 the Secretary of Agriculture issued an order banning all snowmobiles, which were originally allowed in as "winterized motorboats."

By and large, the wilderness has been well served by politics and public officials. However, at one point in 1964 the BWCA became the subject of a legislative compromise, and all the troubles of today rise from that compromise. When Congress passed the 1964 Wilderness Act—a tough law stating that any areas designated as wilderness were to be off limits to anything mechanized and to any kind of commerce—a last-minute loophole removed the BWCA from full protection.

It continued to suffer incursions that other designated wildernesses did not, and its status became ambiguous. The current conflict has to do with clarifying that status once and for all. That is what proposed legislation in Congress is attempting to resolve.

Two contending bills have been written, almost exactly opposite in their substance, by two Congressmen from Minnesota. James L. Oberstar, of the congressional district that includes the BWCA, drafted a bill that would transfer 319,000 acres into a National Recreation Area, for multiple use, open to logging and motors. Although the other 700,000 acres would remain a designated wilderness, tranquil and untouched, the huge bite the Oberstar bill would take for motors and logging could open up a wedge for further commercialization, and this is what has enraged environmentalists so much. They prevailed upon an interested Congressman, Donald Fraser

Upon the introduction of the contending bills, all of the long-standing emotionalism and bitterness between the opposing factions—and philosophies—then broke loose. Preservationists were pitted against developers, motor men against pure canoeists, little-government advocates against big-government supporters, small town against big city, economics against esthetics. There was even a basic class conflict that matched blue-collar motorboat men and snowmobilers with a white-collar elite which seeks an abstraction called "the wilderness experience." About the only factions not in head-on battle over the bills were the two political parties: Oberstar and Fraser are both Democrats.

In the towns located on the edge of the Boundary Waters, residents were aroused over attempts by "outside agitators" to come in and dictate the use of the land. In Ely, the village sometimes called Canoe Town USA, bumper stickers appeared saying SIERRA CLUB KISS MY AXE. At one point a Forest Service building was burned, fires were slashed on vehicles owned by pro-wilderness people and an outfitter who leaned toward the Fraser bill had the display window in his store broken a couple of times. During hearings last summer in Minnesota over the bills, there was much shouting and finger pointing. People claimed that making the BWCA a full wilderness would deplete the local tax base to a critical degree. Resort owners swore they would go bankrupt. Loggers said they would not have enough softwood if they were banned from the BWCA. An organization was formed called the Boundary Waters Conservation Alliance and its slogan was KEEP THE BWCA OPEN TO EVERYONE.

On the other side, a group was formed called Friends of the Boundary Waters Wilderness. Its campaign included a poster with a magnificent photograph of canoe country and two lines of small white type: "The Boundary Waters Wilderness—Take a Long Last Look Before It Vanishes." The group enlisted backing from the national environmental establishment and managed to get 53 members of the House to cosponsor Fraser's full-wilderness bill. Intense lobbying went on. A number of pro-wilderness editorials appeared around the country. The *Chicago Tribune* said, "Failure to enact the policy of the Fraser bill would sub-

continued



Sigurd Olson, 76-year-old author, wants the wilderness left wild

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# COMA

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The radial tires used as original equipment on this car are among the world's finest. The Uniroyal Steel-Belted Radial Tire is one of them.

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This car chose Uniroyal as  
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# Introducing the tough corduroy that grows old beautifully. Sears new Thumbs Up™ Jeans.

The problem with trim new cords is that they can grow into baggy, wrinkled old cords all too soon. Not so with Sears new Thumbs Up™ Corduroy Jeans. They're tough. As in a tough, mid-wale cord fabric that combines the soft, natural comfort of cotton with the long-wearing rugged-

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available in most  
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ject the BWCA to immediate diminution.

In our increasingly crowded, polluted, noisy and paved world, legislative changes affecting the Boundary Waters Canoe Area should defend rather than impair its wilderness status."

In Washington, during two days of hearings in mid-September, a good deal of heat was generated—but there was also some light. The Carter Administration introduced a third proposal for the BWCA that delighted environmentalists by disallowing logging, snowmobiling, and mining in the BWCA, but disappointed them enormously by opening up several new areas to motorboats. The governor of Minnesota, Rudy Perpich, testified. He, too, pleaded the pro-wilderness crowd by promising timberland aplenty for loggers outside the BWCA, but he, too, crushed their hopes by insisting that motorboats and snowmobiles be allowed.

The chairman of the subcommittee is

Philip Burton of California, who ranks only a step or two below Speaker Tip O'Neil in terms of making things happen the way he wants them to happen. Despite 10-hour hearings on both days, without so much as a break for lunch, Burton displayed a remarkably calm and well-focused presence. He sat patiently and politely through a number of emotional and basically uninformative harangues from both sides, but he repeatedly fired sharp questions at witnesses.

Whatever bill finally comes out of the subcommittee, it will bear Burton's name—as well as his idea of what it should say. One thing is certain—he has no intention of reclassifying any part of the BWCA as a National Recreation Area; he declared this unequivocally during the September hearings. Thus Congressman Oberstar's plan to take 319,000 acres out of the wilderness and open it to "multiple use," with all its inherent ambiguities and commercial po-

tential, will certainly fall by the wayside. However, there are still some serious questions which must be answered about which sections of the BWCA will be open to motors, and whether there is to be a gradual phasing out of logging or an immediate ban.

There is a sense of urgency about getting a bill out of the subcommittee soon. The self-imposed moratorium on logging had been kept in effect by timber companies since December 1976, but on Sept. 15 it came to an end. Unless legislation is passed in both chambers of Congress the timber companies could begin logging again in parts of the BWCA in early November. The consensus is that the big companies will continue the moratorium voluntarily, but no one is certain what some smaller firms may do.

Ultimately, the question is: Where is the middle ground between Oberstar and Fraser? In August, Oberstar had submitted a new version of his bill that set a

*continued*

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## BOUNDARY WATERS continued

limit on the horsepower of allowable motors in the area (10 hp on most small lakes, 25 on the largest) and closed more sections to logging than the earlier bill had. At the same time, Fraser declared that his bill could be altered by adding clauses that would provide federal funds to improve snowmobile routes and to enhance Forest Service management of areas outside the BWCA that might aid softwood logging. He also suggested that funds be made available to buy resorts on lakes bordering the BWCA if owners wish to sell and offered to "give serious attention" to including a 10- to 15-year phaseout of motors on certain peripheral lakes and possibly keeping others open to motors permanently. Obviously, both sides were yielding ground.

At the same time, neither side is willing to speak openly about further compromises. And Burton has been preoccupied with other legislation and has not come up with any way of resolving the impasse. One of Burton's problems is that any pro-wilderness bill must be composed in a way that saves face for Oberstar, a fellow Democrat.

It is possible that some legislation can pass the House this term, that is, before it adjourns for the year on Oct. 27. But as each day passes that possibility becomes dimmer. The Senate, which intends to adjourn on the 15th, would also have to act, and that, too, appears unlikely. The pro-wilderness forces are more amenable to putting off the issue until 1978 because they feel public opinion is probably on their side and they would be compelled to make fewer compromises as time passes. Also, the snowmobile ban would be in force for still another winter.

Still, if Burton does come up with a version of the bill that satisfies both sides, it would be possible to suspend the rules of the House and get it to the floor for an immediate vote in a very short time. There is pressure on everyone to do something, particularly from canoe and wilderness buffs who regard the BWCA with almost religious veneration. Some kind of victory for the wilderness seems almost a historical imperative, considering what has happened in the past. As Sigurd Olson says, "We have had to win all of the battles we fought over the BWCA. If we hadn't won all of them, there would be no BWCA today." **END**



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# The mightiest of the Highs

New York's Monsignor Farrell went all the way to Cincinnati for the experience of meeting the No. 1 high school team, and Moeller made it all too unforgettable

## Moeller vs. Farrell

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GOOD PLAYERS  
COMPLETE DEDICATION  
DEFENDING STATE CHAMPS  
GREAT TRADITION

OUTSTANDING RECORDS  
GOOD PLAYERS  
COMPLETE DEDICATION  
DEFENDING STATE CHAMPS  
GREAT TRADITION

WHO WANTS IT BAD ENOUGH?



Before the game, Moeller Coach Gerry Faust gave his locker room a Lombardi-like atmosphere

It seemed like a good idea at the time. One day last May, Dennis Barrett, football coach of Monsignor Farrell High School on Staten Island in New York, discovered he had room for another game on his schedule. Farrell had won the state title two years in a row, was ranked 18th in the nation in the preseason polls and, in 11 seasons under Barrett, had a record of 74-9-4. So the 34-year-old coach, a feisty little guy, decided to shoot for the moon. He phoned Gerry Faust of Moeller High School in Cincinnati, the same Moeller that was No. 1 in the country last year. "How about a game?" asked Barrett. "You're on," answered Faust.

What Barrett should have done was

call Woody Hayes at Ohio State. Surely Farrell wouldn't have been much worse off. Playing at the University of Cincinnati's Nippert Stadium on Friday night before a crowd of 24,000—more people than the Reds drew the same night or the Bearcats would the next night—Moeller gave the boys from the Big City a big working over, scoring in every period, never allowing Farrell remotely near the goal line and winning 30-0.

The results did not shock Barrett. He once played a little quarterback at the University of Cincinnati and was well aware of the caliber of Ohio high school football. "Look, even if we lose, the trip will have been an experience," he said

the evening before the game. "Good for the program, good for the kids. Heck, a lot of them have never been on a plane."

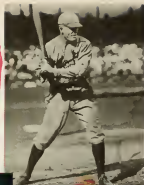
Moeller and Farrell are much the same in a number of ways. Both are Catholic schools for boys only. Moeller was founded in 1960 and has 1,030 students. Farrell in 1962 with an enrollment of 1,200. Both stress their high academic standards and discipline. Before addressing his players at a training meal, Barrett ordered them to "sit up straight" and they moved as one. As similar as they might be, the schools are located 639 miles apart, and Barrett discovered that there is a bit more to scheduling Moeller than a phone call. To start, a New York State rule prohibits travel beyond a 300-mile radius of a team's home, but Barrett was able to negotiate a waiver. He also decided that if the team were to go at all, it would be by plane, spending the night before the game in a motel. No 17-hour bus rides for Farrell. The cost of such an undertaking was put at \$15,000, a sum Farrell raised with remarkable speed by selling raffle tickets at \$10 apiece, the prize being \$5,000.

Farrell won its first two games this season, the second, an 18-12 defeat of New Dorp, with two Moeller assistant coaches in attendance. In turn, Farrell scouted Moeller. Barrett himself watching a 35-7 rout of Princeton (Ohio) High. The two schools also exchanged films. Then last Thursday morning, cheered on by the school band and the entire student body, 54 Farrell players, six assistant coaches and Barrett boarded two buses for Newark Airport. When their chartered plane landed in Cincinnati at noon, Faust and other members of Moeller's administration were there to greet them. So were reporters from two local television stations. The New Yorkers excitedly watched themselves on TV a few hours later.

That night Farrell worked out at Nippert Stadium; their only previous experience under lights and on artificial surface was a night practice Barrett had arranged at Brooklyn College. Barrett also spent a lot of time showing his players the proper way to enter the field. "I don't want them looking sloppy," he said. Riding back to the motel on the bus, he was worried. "Moeller's receivers are bigger than our cornerbacks," he said. He admitted he hadn't been sleeping well.

Moeller, too, was keyed up for the game, but then Moeller is always keyed

continued



## THE WORLD SERIES

The following 28 page advertising section contains photographs, information and anecdotes about Ty Cobb, Rogers Hornsby, Stan Musial, Walter Johnson, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Mickey Mantle, Hank Aaron, Babe Ruth...the best.

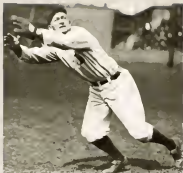
"Best" is a subjective word—at best. Customarily it refers to things like "highest quality," "excellence" and "standing", but filtered through the sensibilities of the onlooker it frequently develops a different meaning.

Cold, hard statistics help to keep the thinking on track, but try to tell some bug-eyed youngster who has just watched Pete Rose follow his nose on a headlong slide into third base that there have been others better than Pete at the business. Or try to convince the kid's father, a witness to some game-breaking homer in a World Series, that there have been bigger hitters than the fellow giving it the majestic lope around the bases. Good grief, Mickey Mantle belted EIGHTEEN of them in TWELVE World Series.

The best who ever played? The very, very best? Well, he played his last game 49 years ago and appeared in his last World Series in Teddy Roosevelt's time, but when baseball people get down to bedrock it's always Ty Cobb.

There aren't too many around any more who saw him play. Cobb and his quick temper and his self-advertising has been gone since 1961. But still his figure up there at the plate, bat held only a few degrees from the perpendicular, casts a giant shadow. And the classic base-stealing picture, used thousands of times, is not that of Lou Brock or Maury Wills, or Bert Campanaris, or little Looey Aparicio. It's always that shot of Tyrus Raymond Cobb hooking a bag amid a shower of real estate.

In a game which has never lacked short fuses they still talk about Cobb's temper. All those stories about him wanting to be first, things like punching a roommate because he used the bath tub first, etc., were true. And more.





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When the Hall of Fame idea was conceived back in the 30's a half-dozen names of immortals were put up. Among them were Cobb, Babe Ruth, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Honus Wagner and one or two others. Cobb received more votes than anyone. It was a fact he always was quick to lay on a first-time listener after a few lines of conversation. It would be preceded by "always remember" or followed by "always remember THAT." Baseball people do.

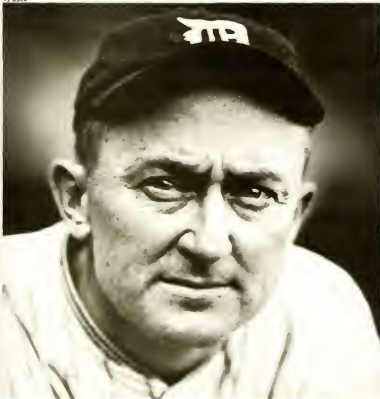
There is scant chance of Cobb's record of 4,191 hits ever being eclipsed. If someone got 200 hits a year for 20 years he'd still be short. Closest to him in the hits department was Stan Musial with 361 fewer. Musial will be discussed later as the best left-handed hitter—behind Cobb, also lefthanded. Cobb simply was the best ball player, ever.

In the three World Series in which he appeared

with Detroit, all losing efforts, Cobb gave small indication of future greatness. He was a third-year performer when the Tigers were swept by the Cubs in 1907, and he batted a meager .200. The following year, in which the Tigers managed to take a game from these same rivals, Cobb was their best hitter with .368. Against the Pirates in 1909 he dipped to .231 in the first seven-game series played in the then-fledgling Fall classic.

There weren't many like Cobb when he played and there haven't been many since. The pity of his being limited to three World Series is that National League fans generally were denied a look at the greatest performer to wear spikes. With Detroit all the way, except for a final couple of seasons with Philadelphia, he was restricted to American League parks. It would have been a thrill in places like Cincinnati and Pittsburgh to see a 42-year old hit .323.

Ty Cobb



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Some roads don't even look like roads. The pounding ride tests the rugged interior construction of Motorcraft batteries.



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There's a word for the way Alaska treats batteries. Tough. That's why we took Motorcraft heavy duty batteries to Alaska. And had an independent testing company test them in 50 privately owned Ford, GM and Chrysler cars and light trucks.

The batteries had to survive long periods of idling, the hard pounding on rock-strewn roads, and Alaska's astonishing temperature extremes...from way, way below zero to 90 degrees of summer.

The result? After six months of the rugged punishment Alaska dishes out, not one single Motorcraft battery failed. In fact, less than one-half of 1% of the 1674 Motorcraft parts in the test couldn't take it. That includes batteries, oil filters, shocks and tune-up parts.

No matter what you drive... wherever you drive, ask for Motorcraft auto parts. They're tested tough in Alaska.



Greatness is no assurance of first-class performance in a World Series although you'll seldom go broke with proven players. Given a choice no manager would turn his back on the following if any turned up around the time the leaves started turning, ready and anxious to play: Rogers Hornsby, right-handed hitter; Stan Musial, left-handed hitter; Walter Johnson, right-handed pitcher; Grover Alexander, right-handed pitcher; Mickey Mantle, switch hitter; Hank Aaron, home run hitter; Babe Ruth, greatest attraction the game has known. And of course, Ty Cobb.

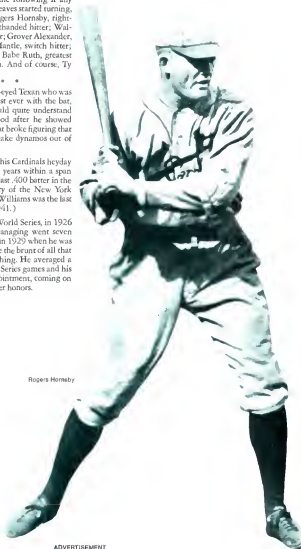
\* \* \* \* \*

Rogers Hornsby was a steady-eyed Texan who was a lot like Cobb. He was the best ever with the bat, swinging righty, and never could quite understand why people couldn't be as good after he showed them how. Baseball owners went broke figuring that Hornsby at the helm would make dynamos out of their dumplings.

He hit a lifetime .358 and in his Cardinals heyday he enjoyed three .400-or-better years within a span of four seasons, a record. (The last .400 batter in the National League was Bill Terry of the New York Giants with .401 in 1930; Ted Williams was the last in the American with .406 in 1941.)

Hornsby got into only two World Series, in 1926 when the Cardinals he was managing went seven games to beat the Yankees, and in 1929 when he was with the losing Cubs which bore the brunt of all that good Athletics hitting and pitching. He averaged a hit a game in a total of a dozen Series games and his .238 in 1929 was a vast disappointment, coming on the heels of Most Valuable Player honors.

Rogers Hornsby





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With the A. B. Dick talking typewriter, conversational possibilities are almost endless. We talk with computers, Magna I's, or other communicating word processors, over voice grade, switched telephone lines or the TWX network.

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**ABDICK**



Old Timers still talk about the way Hornsby terrorized the National League for almost a decade and a half with an unerring ability to pick up a strike. It was described best by Dolf Luque, a contemporary who faced Hornsby any number of times with the Reds, Brooklyn and the Giants. Said the Cuban righthander: "If you make 100 pitches and 99 of them just missed the plate Hornsby would never take the bat off his shoulder. If the hundredth pitch just got an inch of the plate he'd swing."

He doesn't hold the record for clubs managed, but Hornsby is right up there with five, including two tours with the St. Louis Browns. Men who owned ball clubs, many of them who knew the business, would grab him as he became available knowing the stories but hoping against hope some of his talent

would rub off. Which of course it did not.

Hornsby had his own ideas about protecting his rare ability to see a pitch better than anyone else. As a player he neither smoked, drank, or went to the movies, abjuring those grainy flickers with the jumpy images because he felt they injured his eyes. It didn't keep him away from the small type of the race track entries in the papers, however.

As an avid horseplayer, he openly used the locker-room phone to communicate with his bookies. Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the dictatorial first commissioner of baseball, hauled him on the carpet and made the mistake of asking the big question first, instead of leading up to it. Did Hornsby gamble?

"Damned right I do; and I pay off 100 cents on the dollar, too."





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ditioning can be substantial. For example: at 47°F outdoor temperature, an electric furnace delivers 3413 BTUs per kilowatt hour; at that same outdoor temperature Climatrol Heat Pump Air Conditioning delivers 8874 BTUs per kilowatt hour. That's more than two-and-a-half times more heat for the same number of kilowatts expended!

What's more, at 17°F outdoor temperature, when an electric furnace produces 3413 BTUs per kilowatt hour,

Climatrol Heat Pump Air Conditioning produces 6143 BTUs per kilowatt hour. This is still an output of 80% more heat for the same kilowatt input! Still an important saving.

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Stan Musial was another super performer with the St. Louis Cardinals. When he came out of that batting crouch to lash at some luckless offering it resembled nothing so much as the uncoiling of some giant spring. Stainless steel, of course. He wore the Cardinals livery for twenty-two years so that the whipping move plagued several generations of National League moundsmen to the tune of a .331 batting average, 475 homers and eventually a quick ticket to the Hall of Fame.

Musial's more than two decades followed a modest \$50 a month start as a pitcher in the West Virginia hills (Mountain States League). Only those who attended World Series games in the early part of the 40's were privileged to see him perform in the post-season classic. In his second year he was the fourth-place hitter with the '42 Cardinals who beat the Yankees. He moved up to third in the batting order with the '43 club which lost to the Yankees, and had a .304 series against the Browns in the St. Louis intra-city Series the following year.



Stan Musial

In 1946 Musial returned from the Navy and played in what proved his final series, a seven-game effort under freshman manager Eddie Dyer which St. Louis won from the Red Sox. It was to be the Redbirds' last appearance until 1964, by which time Musial had written finish to a distinguished career.

Much has been made of the fact Musial would never have had a career if it hadn't been for the persistence of Dickie Kerr, one-time White Sox pitcher who had Musial in the minors when his pitching arm went dead. Sensing something special in Musial's hitting, Kerr prevailed on him to stick with it. He further befriended the Musials during the arrival of their first child.

There was an even earlier step in which Musial was saved for baseball, not as commonly known perhaps as the saga of the pitcher-turned outfielder, but equally as important. This involved his mother and father, strong and supportive in a tough time.



"I was a kid who didn't want to fail in front of my friends, so when I signed with the Cardinals I asked them to send me to a club not too close to home," said Musial. Not-too-close was Williamson, W. Va. where Nat Hickey was manager. On the 240-mile bus trip young Musial's doubts burgeoned. If the general manager of the club hadn't met him at the bus station he'd have turned right around and gone back to Donora, Pa.

"It was tough making it on \$50 a month," he recalled, "and my mother used to send me a \$5 bill in the mail every week." The \$5 came out of the pay envelope Stan's father ground out in a long week of wrestling bales of wire down at the mill. They weighed 100 pounds, they had to be loaded on freight cars, and they never stopped coming.

"They could tell from my letters when I was getting homesick and they'd come down on the bus on Sunday and bring me a home-cooked meal."

Meals from back in Donora lugged in a basket; five dollars of his father's sweat in the mail! No wonder Musial murdered National League pitching through four Presidential administrations!







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**WE'RE EASY TO REMEMBER.**

Walter Johnson had made 626 major league appearances and had won 376 decisions in eighteen years in the big leagues before he even got to throw his fast ball in the World Series. By that time he was 36 years old and had enjoyed only one 20-game season in the previous five years. He was hit liberally by the Giants in the first two games he pitched in the 1924 Series, absorbing both losses. Then in the deciding game, the one that went twelve innings and was decided by a couple of lucky breaks (a bad hop over the Giants third baseman's head and their catcher getting tangled up with his own mask after a foul fly in the twelfth) Johnson held off the Giants for four gruelling innings for the decisive victory.

That gave him a 1-2 Series won-lost record. The following year the Senators again under the whip of

that he would never brush back a hitter for fear of the havoc his fast ball would work if it hit him. So they took a big toehold against the Big Train, but even so Johnson pitched a record 113 shutouts and holds the strikeout mark of 3,503.

Viewers of his Hall of Fame plaque in Coopers-town have come away a little confused by the syntax. It reads in part "Conceded to be fastest ball pitcher in history of game." Why "ball?"

Johnson managed Washington and Cleveland but his fame was for his fast ball ability. A brain tumor got him 30 years ago but he left a good many memories. Al Lopez, himself a World Series manager after a career in which he caught a record 1,918 games, remembers Johnson from a barnstorming game where the Senators ran out of catchers and had



Walter Johnson

Bucky Harris, boy player-manager, made it into the classic again, this time against Pittsburgh. Again it went seven games, only this time the numbers were reversed for Johnson, and the ultimate decision was reversed for the Senators. He won the first and fourth games and was the Washington hope going into the seventh.

Pittsburgh won in one of the few instances where a club was able to turn the Series around after being down three games to one. Pitching in the rain Johnson was walloped for 13 hits and Pittsburgh won 9-7.

It was Johnson's final World Series appearance. His record of 416 victories, second only to Cy Young's record 511, is all the more remarkable because (a), Johnson played with a chronic second-division club and (b), the word was long around

to press a 17-year old Tampa kid into service. At the time Lopez had a season in the Florida State League.

Lopez was a little worried and showed it, but Johnson told him he wouldn't bear down except against two of the Dodgers who hit him pretty good. He suggested that Lopez be ready when either came to the plate.

"Johnson pitched only five innings that day," recalled Lopez "so those fellows only came up twice, but he struck 'em out each time. He was about 38 then, but he sure could still fire it. And he was easy to catch. You could follow his ball and he was always around the plate."

A lot of big American League hitters in Johnson's two decades in the majors could hardly agree with that evaluation.



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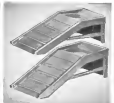
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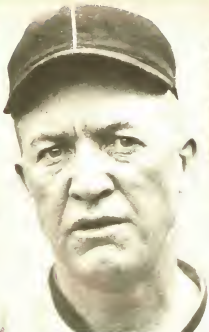
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Grover Cleveland Alexander

Grover Cleveland Alexander, who pitched more shutouts (90) than anyone except Walter Johnson, performed in the National League for two decades. It was toward the end that he came through with a performance memorialized on his Hall of Fame plaque. It's the only one among 163 in the Cooperstown shrine which zeros on a single play in the Series. Alex's plaque reads, in part... "Won 1926 World Championship for Cardinals by striking out Lazzeri with bases full in final crisis at Yankee Stadium."

It was a pretty heavy crisis, too. The Cardinals and Yankees were locked in a seventh-game struggle and Jess Haines, the St. Louis pitcher, had loaded them up in the seventh inning. Rogers Hornsby, the Cardinals manager, went to his bullpen. Sitting there with the others, secure in the knowledge that his second Series victory the day before assured him of a spectator's role in the final was Grover Alexander. The sounds of conflict were muffled for him. He had celebrated his meritorious performances the night before, lavishly.

The other bullpen occupants looked at each other askance as the manager wig-wagged for help. Hornsby was indicating Alexander, calling on the

39-year-old righthander to do it all. Alex picked up his jacket, strode carefully, slowly, out of the bullpen toward the Yankee Stadium mound. It was a long walk. Hornsby, standing there after he had taken the ball from Haines, watched him closely.

Later Rajah recalled, "I looked up into his eyes and saw that they were bloodshot but they weren't foggy. I gave him the ball and told him to get Lazzeri."

That was a sensational spot-decision by Hornsby, himself a non-drinker. Lazzeri was waiting, a rookie who had a sensational year which included an RBI total topped only by his fabulous team mate, Babe Ruth. The rest is history. Tony hit a screamer foul, then fanned. And then Alex got through the next two innings without giving up a hit.

And he didn't waste any time, for that was his credo... get the ball and throw it. He was once asked why he wasn't more deliberate? Wouldn't the hitter, forced to stand up there and wait that extra few seconds, be under an additional strain?

Alex looked at his questioner incredulously. "What, and give him a chance to think on MY time?"



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Mickey Mantle



First time Mickey Mantle saw a World Series game he was playing in it, leading off for the Yankees in game No. 1 of the 1951 classic vs. the New

York Giants. He was in right field. Joe DiMaggio, in his final year, was in center and Hank Bauer in left.

Mickey had split the season between the big club and the Yankees' Triple A farm in Kansas City. He had gone down in the middle of the year, but had been recalled and had won the right field role. Casey Seengel had a lot of talents, including that of recognizing young talent. The kid was not yet twenty.

In game No. 1 he batted righthanded against the lefthanded offerings of Dave Koslo. He didn't do much, a couple of lofters to the outfield, a walk and a foul to the catcher. Neither did the rest of the Yankees and Koslo came close to shutting them out. His immediate post-game reaction was "These are the Yankees? They're supposed to be great? They ain't much."

Mantle continued in the "ain't much" category the following day, this time batting lefthanded against the righthanded pinching of Larry Jansen. He bunted successfully leading off to get on and scored the first of his forty-two World Series runs after an error and a single. In the third inning he swung at a third strike and in the fifth his first World Series came to an inglorious end.

Willie Mays, another rookie, hit one to right center, and Mantle and DiMaggio took off after it. It seemed as though Mantle was trying to get out of DiMaggio's way at the final split second, and fell. Actually he had hit one of those underground sprinkler system heads.

He was carried off on a stretcher, and put in a cab which took him to the hospital. His father, Elvin Mantle, in New York for the Series, also a first for him, rode downtown with Mickey. Elvin Mantle had been a semi-pro player as his son was in the Oklahoma mining fields.

Mantle's father complained of feeling poorly and in the hospital they diagnosed his trouble as Hodgkins disease, a form of cancer. He went home to Oklahoma to die. Mickey got out of the hospital after the Series and went on to a string of knee operations—and eleven more World Series in which he amassed all kinds of records. He did the following, all enduring marks: home runs (18); runs scored (42); runs batted in (40); most total bases (123); most long hits (26); most extra bases on long hits (64); most walks (43); most strikeouts (34); most Series played by an outfielder (12); most games played by an outfielder (63).

In a number of Series it seemed as though the Yankee trainers used yards of bandages getting him ready, but somehow he always seemed to make it. His first Series homer came in game No. 6, 1952, off Brooklyn pitcher, Billy Loes. His last was in the seventh game of the 1964 Series off Cardinal righthander, Bob Gibson.



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First time Henry Aaron impinged on the consciousness of big-league baseball they spelled his name wrong. It was in spring training with the Milwaukee Braves in Florida twenty-three years ago. His name, lettered above his locker, contained only one "A." No one could remember whether it was the first or second "A" which had been omitted, but they remembered a good many things about Hammerin' Henry later.

He played in the big leagues through 1976 after shattering Babe Ruth's home-run record two years earlier. He finished with 755 thereby providing part I of one of the niftiest trivia questions about batting: What brothers combination holds the combined home-run record? It's the Aarons, Henry (755) and Tommy (13). Almost two hundred round-trippers belted come the DiMaggios, Joe, Dom and Vince, with 573, followed by Cleve and Ken Boyer, 444; and the three Alous, Felipe, Matty and Jesus, 267.

Aaron played in two World Series two decades back vs. the Yankees. In 1957, the one in which Lew Burdette tied the record with three pitching victories, Aaron got three homers, nicking Yankee hurlers Don Larsen, Tom Sturdivant and Bob Turley. He hit at a .333 clip against the same Yankees the following year but his long-ball efforts were confined to a couple of doubles. Among all-time World Series hitters he ranks third behind Pepper Martin

and Lou Brock.

Confining Aaron was a continuing problem for several generations of pitchers. He got his first major league homer off Vic Raschi in 1934 after the big righthander had been sold to St. Louis by the Yankees. Homer No. 300 came off Roger Craig, with the struggling Mets of 1963; No. 600 off Gaylord Perry, of the San Francisco Giants eight years later and No. 715, the blow that eclipsed Ruth's mark, off Al Downing of the Dodgers in Atlanta in 1974.

Aaron got his original chalice when Bobby Thomson, Braves outfielder, suffered a fractured ankle in spring training in 1954. Ironically Henry was sidelined with a similar injury early in September of that same year. He finished with a .280 batting average but in the next eleven seasons he slipped under .300 only once.

Except for bank examiners and fellows with green eyeshades, figures have a tendency to run together after a while. Aaron's collection stands out in bold relief, however, and a couple of items will be incorporated into his Hall of Fame data when his plaque is unveiled in the early 80's. Besides the homers some of his other all-time marks are: most games played (3,298), most at bats (12,364), most runs batted in (2,297) and most consecutive years hitting twenty or more home runs (20). They are going to have to squeeze a lot of reading matter into those half-dozen lines of bronze.



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The mystical quality of Babe Ruth defies analysis. Forty-seven years after he collected 60 homers, a record eclipsed in 1961 by Roger Maris, not one but four books appeared on the Babe, including a best-seller by Robert Creamer. The juvenile spur-of-the-moment stuff on the Babe had long been written around the time he was a key figure in the Golden Age of Sports along with such as Dempsey, Grange, Tilden, Bobby Jones, et al. Now persons who were in short pants when he was the most powerful figure in baseball are getting down to the really serious

evaluation of his impact.

Young people, whose FATHERS never saw Babe play, can recite all kinds of Ruthian tidbits like the pitcher who gave up his 60th homer (Tom Zachary, of the Senators) or the fact that he couldn't remember names (anyone over 40, "Doc," anyone under 40, "Keed," etc.) But his magnetism can perhaps be best explained by Casey Stengel's description of Ruth popping out. "He'd hit 'em so high," marveled Stengel thirty years later "that everyone on the field

Babe Ruth



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Lou Gehrig

Babe Ruth

thought he had a chance to get it. They'd all try to get under it to make the catch, and it looked like a union meetin'."

Twelve men have more career strikeouts than Ruth (Mantle, for instance the leader, fanned almost four hundred times more than the Babe) but no one ever looked more impressive striking out. People figured they got their money's worth just watching him whiff.

He played in ten World Series, four fewer than the record by Yogi Berra, and his Series batting mark, .326, wasn't too far off his lifetime .342. His home run total of 15 was the record until Mantle broke it. In his first three Series with Boston he was a pitcher and consequently got into a total of only five games. His three homers in a game against both the 1926 and 1928 Cardinals have stood for a half century as a single-game record.

Ruth set up a World Series controversy which has tagged for almost that length of time, involving the question of whether he did or didn't point to Wrigley Field's distant stands after the Cubs got on him when the count went to two strikes.

Charlie Roor, the Cubs pitcher victimized by the blow, insists he never saw Ruth point anywhere except toward the Cubs dugout where the Chicago players were giving him an enthusiastic barrage of verbal abuse. Gabby Hartnett, the Cubs catcher said the same thing.

Joe McCarthy, embarking on the push-button segment of his managing career with the Yankees, also insisted that Ruth's gesture was toward the dugout, not the bleachers. Yet kids today, in a fine show of bravado, will point to the distant fence and then try to knock it out—just like Babe Ruth.

By Harold Rosenthal





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The test results? After six months of tough Alaskan conditions, only one spark plug couldn't take it, and not one point or condenser failed.

No matter what you drive... wherever you drive, ask for Motorcraft tune-up kits. They're tested tough in Alaska.



**Motorcraft** 



# TESTED TOUGH

up, which in part accounts for its record—132-16-2, all under Gerry Faust. Faust, who is 42, is about as intense as a man can get, speaking with machine-gun rapidity and almost trotting down the hallways of the school, the upper half of his body well ahead of the lower.

The Moeller locker room would make Vince Lombardi proud. Inspirational signs are hung everywhere. Some say up all season, others refer to the upcoming game. Some examples: YOU CARRY WITH YOU MORE THAN THE PRIDE OF A FOOTBALL TEAM; YOU CARRY THE PRIDE OF A STATE; BLACK OUT NEW YORK; A POWERFUL OFFENSE IS A BEAUTIFUL CREATION.

There is also a bulletin board that carries photos and press clippings of upcoming opponents—Farrell's splendid receiver, Frank Marone, was prominent last week—and a Moeller Hall of Champions, which lists past heroes, many of whom have gone on to the pros, most prominently Steve Naehaus. Last year 20 Moeller graduates went to college on football scholarships, 16 went the year before, 21 the year before that. Moeller's 150-page game program lists 14 assistant coaches. There are 200 players in the program on three teams. The varsity is virtually restricted to seniors and juniors; sophomores and freshmen play on their own teams. While the varsity has not lost a regular-season game since 1972—46 straight—the other two teams were a comparatively lackluster 13-3-1 last season.

Curiously, Moeller does not have its own field. It plays at a nearby public high school, the University of Cincinnati or Rutherford Stadium. For "the super bowl of high school football," as the game with Farrell was being billed around town, the two schools rented Nippert Stadium for \$2,500 and divided an estimated \$35,000 in gate receipts.

Just before game time, Faust asked both teams to line up facing each other along the length of the field and then each Moeller player presented the opponent facing him with a banner in maroon and gold, Farrell's colors, with the names of both schools and the date on it. It was almost the only thing Moeller gave Farrell all night.

Moeller kicked off, held, forced a punt and came blasting into Farrell territory. But when Quarterback Mark Schweitzer threw a long pass, Farrell's Defensive Back Bob Volpe intercepted at the Moeller 35. That

continued

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## FOOTBALL *continued*

was as close as Farrell was to get to the Moeller goal.

When Moeller got the ball again, it went 79 yards in 10 plays. Tom Schroeder scoring from four yards out. Lane in the half Tailback Eric Ellington swept 21 yards around end for a touchdown and it was 14-0.

Midway in the third quarter, Farrell's defense shone again. Moeller took over on the Farrell 16, thanks to a 43-yard punt return by Kirby Clark, and was ready to apply the crusher. First down, one yard. Second, four. Third, nothing. Fourth, a five-yard loss. But moments later the crusher came anyway when Farrell's Tom Murray, trying to punt, dropped the snap from center. Moeller recovering on the 10, three plays later it was 20-0. Less than a minute later, after Moeller's fourth interception of the night, Schroeder went 37 yards untouched for another touchdown. Harry Oliver's 35-yard field goal completed the scoring.

When the game was over, Moeller whooped it up briefly, then boarded buses, uniforms still on, for the 15-mile ride back to school. Business as usual, although 30 points was its lowest total of the season. Farrell took the loss hard with tears and vast silence. Dennis Barrett had wanted to find out how his boys would do against the best, and he did. Heck, it was an experience.

## THE WEEK

by RON REID

**WEST** A few hours before Washington State would try to add USC to its list of upset victims, Cougar Quarterback Jack Thompson happily discovered that his locker-room cubicle in the L.A. Coliseum was the same one used by his NFL idol, Joe Namath. It may have been the most misleading omen of the year.

In a 41-7 rout, USC hammered WSU and Thompson with a defense that keyed the Trojans' 15th straight victory. USC repeatedly drove Thompson out of the pocket, intercepted him twice and treated the Trojan Samson the way rivals treated Joe Willie at his last seasons with the Jets.

Because the Cougars had upset Nebraska and Michigan State, USC Coach John Robinson said, "They had our attention all week—and sometimes it's bad to get our attention." Indeed, USC matched a strong rush with superlative coverage, holding Thompson

*continued*

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to three completions in nine attempts in the first half, even though four Trojan defensive starters went out with injuries. Thompson, who was averaging 21 completions a game, finished with 10 in 21 attempts for 136 yards and a touchdown scored after USC led 41-0.

Southern Cal Tailbacks Charles White and Dwight Ford combined for 246 yards rushing and four touchdowns while Rob Hertel, the Trojan quarterback, completed 11 of 18 for 182 yards, including a touchdown bomb to Randy Simmons.

USC's win streak is the nation's longest among major teams and, depending on which poll you read, the Trojans rank No. 1 or No. 2. While Robinson said, "No. 1 is not that much of an issue right now," he also admitted, "We impressed me a little bit tonight."

For the first time since 1952, California also stands 4-0 after its first four games, the result of a 52-3 blitz of injured and over-matched San Jose State. The Golden Bears racked up 333 yards total offense in the first half, and Quarterback Charlie Young paced the offense by completing 12 of 15 passes for 199 yards and three touchdowns.

Stanford made a successful conference debut by dropping Oregon 20-10, but the Cards' joy was tempered when Quarterback Guy Benjamin, the Pac-8 passing leader, suffered a knee injury in the fourth quarter. He is not expected to play against UCLA this week.

Brigham Young followed a familiar format in smothering New Mexico 54-19. The Cougar defense forced early turnovers and Quarterback Gifford Nielsen was devastating. The nation's leading passer, Nielsen completed 19 of 23 for 273 yards and five touchdowns before he went to the bench with six minutes left in the third quarter. Although he has played just 10 quarters, Nielsen has a 70.4% completion rate and has thrown for 912 yards and 13 touchdowns.

Missouri got its first victory by blanking Arizona State 15-0 as the Tigers intercepted five passes and recovered three San Devil fumbles. Both Missouri touchdowns came on 80-yard drives under the direction of freshman Quarterback Phil Bradley, who posed for one score and ran for another.

Unbeaten San Diego State shut out Utah State 19-0, UCLA took Iowa 34-16 and Wyoming edged Arizona 13-12.

1. USC (4-0)

2. CALIFORNIA (4-0) 3. BYU (3-0)

**SOUTH** I told the players they brought some respect tonight," said LSU Coach Charles McClendon after his Tigers stunned ninth-ranked Florida 36-14 before 68,029 fans. In the first half LSU erupted for a 29-0 lead and ran off 56 plays to the Gators' 17. Florida managed only two first downs in that half as LSU forced two fumbles and intercepted two passes.

On offense, the Tigers powered past the

Gators with a ground game that netted 385 yards and 25 of LSU's 30 first downs. Topping the 100-yard mark for the third time, Tailback Charles Alexander racked up 170 yards on 31 carries and scored two touchdowns while his sophomore backup, Jerry Murphy, rushed 25 times for 105 yards.

North Carolina State was the last team to beat Maryland before the Terps went on a 21-game win streak against Atlantic Coast Conference rivals. Saturday the Wolfpack socked it to Maryland again, winning 24-20 when Quarterback Johnny Evans scored on a two-yard plunge with 0:27 left to play. NC State's final drive was aided by a couple of Maryland penalties. The game ended with the Carter Stadium P.A. system playing a tape of wolves howling. The Terps might be howling as well, they have now lost three straight.

Alabama got its 40th successive victory at Tuscaloosa by beating Georgia 18-10 in a game that averaged last season's loss that cost the Tide the Southeastern Conference title. Alabama's superior kicking game made up for a spotty defensive effort. Buddy Holt twice

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Brigham Young Quarterback Gifford Nielsen, the NCAA passing leader, completed 83% of his passes for 273 yards and five touchdowns in BYU's 54-19 rout of New Mexico. He has yet to throw an interception.

**DEFENSE:** Kentucky Defensive Back Dallas Owens intercepted two passes—returning one 23 yards for a touchdown—in the Wildcats' 24-20 upset of Penn State. Owens also helped keep the Lions scoreless in the second half.

punted the ball dead on the one and once on the four to give Georgia poor field position.

Sophomore Linebacker Freddie Smith returned a fourth-quarter pass interception 45 yards for a touchdown to spark Auburn to a 21-15 conquest of Ole Miss. The Rebels came back to score a field goal and threatened with a fumble recovery on the 25, but Auburn's defense held.

Texas Tech Coach Steve Sloan, looking to spark his torpid offense, called on reserve Quarterback Mark Johnson, whose first varsity game ended in a 10-7 triumph over North Carolina. Replacing Tres Adams, an unsuccessful substitute for the injured Rodney Alston, Johnson took the Red Raiders 80 yards with the second-half kickoff, concluding the drive with a three-yard touchdown run. Tech Fullback Billy Taylor rushed for 150 yards on 35 carries, and Bill Adams' 35-yard field goal put Tech ahead for good.

Field goals also decided the outcome of an intrastate rivalry at Columbia, S.C., where South Carolina beat East Carolina 19-16 by scoring 13 points in the fourth quarter. The Gamecocks' Britt Parrish set a school record

by booting four field goals while East Carolina's Junior Creech kicked three.

West Virginia blanked Virginia 13-0, Georgia Tech ripped Air Force 30-3, Clemson beat Virginia Tech 31-13, Tulane surprised Vanderbilt 36-7 and Grambling destroyed Prairie View 70-7 as Quarterback Doug Williams completed 10 of 24 passes for 329 yards and five touchdowns.

1. ALABAMA (3-1)

2. KENTUCKY (3-1) 3. AUBURN (3-1)

**MIDWEST** Yielding little on defense while wicking Lett on offense, Oklahoma methodically disposed of Kansas 24-9 in the Big Eight opener for both teams. The Sooners defense kept the Jayhawks outside Oklahoma territory through the first 3½ quarters while Quarterback Thomas Lett, sound for the first time this season, directed his mates to a 24-0 lead. Lett scored all three Sooner touchdowns, rushed for 102 yards and was awarded the game ball.

The Sooner offense coughed up only two fumbles—three fewer than its game average—and made four first downs on five fourth-down gambles.

Notre Dame's 16-6 victory over Michigan State was marked by 11 turnovers, the starting debut of Quarterback Joe Montana and an improved Irish pass rush. Notre Dame sacked Spartan quarterbacks eight times and intercepted four passes but also lost three fumbles, including two on the MSU three-yard line. Dave Reeve kicked three field goals of 42, 40 and 51 yards to become the first Irish player to score more than 200 points since Stan Cofall in 1916.

With Tailback Rick Berns sidelined by a hip pointer, Nebraska's newly named I. M. Hipp played nearly the entire game against Indiana. The result was disaster for the Hoosiers, who lost 31-13 as Hipp racked up 254 yards on 28 rushes to break Berns' team record of 211 yards. Hipp also gained 30 yards on a pass reception but his only score was a two-point conversion.

Mississippi State averted disaster in the last 76 seconds against Kansas State when Quarterback Bruce Threngdill connected on a 24-yard touchdown pass to Dennis Johnson to give the Bulldogs a hard-earned 24-21 victory. The Wildcats' upset try was sustained by Mack Green, who rushed for 181 yards on 37 carries—the second highest total in Kansas State history.

After four games, Wisconsin is undefeated, unified and unimpressive. Rated a four-touchdown favorite over Northwestern, the Badgers won 19-7 when two blocked punts and a pass interception enlivened a 7-all halftime deadlock. The loss was the Wildcats' 20th in their last 21 games.

Paul Rognard kicked four field goals, one a 32-yarder in the last five seconds, to give

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Minnesota a 19-17 win over Washington. Florida State upset Oklahoma State 25-17, Syracuse beat Illinois 30-20 and Purdue topped Wake Forest 26-17.

## 1. MICHIGAN (4-0)

## 2. OKLAHOMA (4-0) 3. OHIO STATE (3-1)

**EAST** In the esteem of most coaches, first-down passes rank alongside 70-yard field-goal tries, but Kentucky's Fran Curtis opted for the unconventional against previously unbeaten Penn State and was rewarded with a 24-20 upset victory.

Trading 20-14, Kentucky came out gambling in the second half, with immediate and favorable results. Quarterback Derrick Ramsey completed five first-down passes in the third quarter and another completion resulted in a 33-yard interference penalty against the Nittany Lions. In that span, the Wildcats controlled the ball for 10 minutes and 25 seconds, and held Penn State to two first downs and a total of 41 yards in the second half.

Penn State, which took a 10-0 lead on Matt Behr's 20-yard field goal and Jimmy Cefalo's 75-yard punt-return touchdown, may have lost the game on its first offensive series. On first and goal at the Kentucky one, a Penn State lineman jumped offside and, instead of a probable touchdown, the Lions had to settle for the field goal.

Pitt's defensive secondary of Bob Jury, J. C. Wilson, LeRoy Felder and Jeff Delaney earned the admiration of Boston College Coach Joe Yukica, who said, "That unit could start in the NFL tomorrow without embarrassing itself." In the Panthers' 45-7 conquest of Yukica's Eagles, the Wildcat secondary embarrassed no one quite so much as BC Quarterback Ken Smith, who was stung for five interceptions while completing 18 of 32 passes for 158 yards, a far cry from his pre-Pitt performances. Four of the interceptions led to Pittsburgh touchdowns while Jury et al. held the BC wide receivers to four receptions, none of the deep variety.

Miami of Ohio was Yale's first inter-sectional opponent since 1948 and the Redskins overcame a 14-6 halftime deficit to beat the Bulldogs 28-14. It was a game that Miami alumnus, and Yale coach, Carmen Cozza viewed with mixed emotions. "From one Miami man to another," he said in the winner's locker room, "I wish you all the luck and I hope you win the rest of your games."

Seventh-ranked Colorado improved its record to 4-0 by ripping Army 31-0 in a game that might have been billed "Lenmon's Lemon." The Buffs sacked Cadet Quarterback Leamon Hall six times and intercepted four of his passes.

Princeton's bid for an Ivy League upset, and its first victory, died with 0:52 left to play as Quarterback Mark Whipple dived one yard for a touchdown to give Brown a 10-7 victory. Whipple set up the score with a 28-yard

pass to flanker Charlie Watkins. The loss was Princeton's eighth in succession.

Columbia chalked up its first Ivy League win by beating Penn 30-18. Halfback Bruce Stephens passing for one touchdown and running 18 yards for another.

Colgate downed Harvard 38-21, Rutgers beat Cornell 30-14, Dartmouth blanked Boston U. 38-0 and Temple edged Delaware 6-3.

## 1. PENN STATE (3-1)

## 2. PITTSBURGH (3-1) 3. WEST VIRGINIA (3-1)

**SOUTHWEST** In a 3½-hour ordeal—it may have been the longest non-televized game ever—Texas gorged on Rice, 72-15. If the game had a turning point, it came on the first play from scrimmage when Texas Quarterback Mark McBeth unloaded a 55-yard touchdown pass to Johnny (Lam) Jones.

The Longhorns crammed their nine touchdowns, eight extra points, two field goals and two safeties into the first three quarters, which was considerably more than Earl Campbell required to tie a Texas single-game record with four touchdowns. In little more than one quarter, Campbell rushed for 131 yards on 13 carries to take over third place among the Southwest Conference all-time career rushing leaders with 3,073 yards. Teammate Russell Erskelen shattered an NCAA record with a 67-yard field goal that came after he talked Coach Fred Akers out of punting on fourth-and-16 from the Rice 49. Texas was surging a 54-7 lead at the time, so Erskelen's plea took less time than his wind-aided kick, which broke the mark of 65 yards set by Texas A&M's Tony Franklin last season.

In a more competitive Southwest Conference clash, Houston stung Baylor 28-24 in the final 39 seconds on a 10-yard touchdown pass from sophomore Quarterback Delrick Brown to Tight End Don Bass. The reception spotted a brilliant comeback by Baylor Quarterback Sammy Beckham, who overcame a 21-9 deficit by tossing two of his three touchdown passes and running for a two-point conversion in the last quarter.

Ben Cowins, the nation's No. 2 ground-gainer, rushed for 87 yards and three touchdowns as unbeaten Arkansas clubbed hapless TCU 42-6. The Horned Frogs now have lost 15 straight and 39 of their last 61.

Quarterback Rod Gerald enjoyed a Dallas homecoming as he led sixth-ranked Ohio State to a 35-7 walkover SMU. In the city where he starred in high school, Gerald scored on a 33-yard touchdown run and completed five of eight passes for 88 yards. The Buckeyes made the evening miserable for SMU's freshman Quarterback Mike Ford, who suffered seven pass interceptions—three in the Ohio State end zone—for a school record.

## 1. TEXAS (3-0)

## 2. ARKANSAS (4-0) 3. HOUSTON (3-1)

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## THE IRON MAN KEEPS GOING STRONG



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"Fans, for the past two weeks you have been reading about a bad break I got. Yet today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth." The day was July 4, 1939 and Lou Gehrig, the Yankees' 36-year-old first baseman, was dying. His farewell words echoed through the hushed crowd at Yankee Stadium. Three years later Gary Cooper portrayed Gehrig in *The Pride of the Yankees*, and his re-creation of the speech was heard by millions of moviegoers. Since then it has been heard over and over on television. In May of this year Gehrig's words reverberated again, this time in an empty, refurbished Yankee Stadium. Groundskeepers stopped work to listen as Actor Ed Hermann's voice blared through the loudspeakers. An audio crew stood by to duplicate the precise echoes of the original delivery. Hermann's rendition, recorded for a television special entitled *A Love Affair: The Eleanor and Lou Gehrig Story* (Oct. 9, NBC), hauntingly reminds us of that day in 1939 when the Iron Man said goodbye.

*The Gehrig Story* is an ideal time-out for those who are saturated with baseball, who have endured an endless summer of innings and still have the World Series ahead. And those viewers who do not care for baseball should tune in, too. Vintage black and white film of No. 4 sounding the bases is all the game action there is in the two-hour drama. The producers have spared the audience the embarrassment of watching actors field and

bat. If only the clubhouse scenes had been eliminated, too—the scripted locker-room chatter is the show's most glaring weakness. Its strength lies in the retelling of the love affair between Gehrig and his wife. Thereby it differs from *Pride*, which focused on Gehrig's life in baseball.

The TV screenplay is adapted from *My Luke and I*, a book written by Gehrig's widow Eleanor and *New York Times* Sportswriter Joe Durno that filters Gehrig's life through her recollections.

Blythe Danner is superb as the young Eleanor and she also narrates the film in a husky voice similar to that of the present-day Eleanor, who is 72. Hermann, who was Franklin D. Roosevelt in ABC's *Eleanor and Franklin* last spring, plays the shy first baseman who escapes the overbearing influence of his German-born mother (Patricia Neal). Ramon Bieri, a spittin' image of Babe Ruth, has the part that the Babe himself had in *Pride*. In casting Hermann and Bieri, Producer David Mansion had to give consideration to both cinema and baseball history. "Everyone knows what Babe Ruth looked like, but they all think that Gehrig looked like Gary Cooper," he says.

Hermann will not win any Cooper look-alike contests but his zealous approach to his role has resulted in a first-rate performance. In April, Hermann worked out with Yale's baseball team, not because he needed to learn how to hit but because he wanted to understand how Gehrig felt when he knew he would never hit again. He traveled to Cooperstown to look at the Hall of Fame's collection of Gehrig's baseball paraphernalia. He went to Louisville where he asked Hiltch and Bradby to manufacture a bat identical to the slim-handled model that Gehrig used. He spent afternoons at Shea Stadium, talking to players about the mental strength that Gehrig needed to play 2,130 consecutive games. He lunched with Hank Greenberg, talked with

Mrs. Gehrig in her New York apartment and studied news film of Gehrig's farewell speech.

"It was a fulfillment of a dream," says Hermann, who grew up a Tiger fan in Detroit. "I have always looked on baseball players as ex-athletes. I get watery knees whenever I talk to athletes." Mets clubhouse man Herb Normen now holds Hermann in similar regard, and to show it he gave Hermann one of Yogi Berra's shirts and one of Casey Stengel's road uniforms before the actor left for the West Coast to begin 3½ weeks of filming. "If I ever get rich I may give them to some museum," says Hermann.

In television, richness is usually measured in ratings. If *The Gehrig Story* succeeds as other TV movies with sports themes have, then Hermann may be ready to send his mementos to a museum as soon as Nielsen's numbers are announced. The show certainly fits the success mold perfectly; in previous hit sports dramas a main character invariably was suffering from an incurable disease or sustained an injury that ended his career. In *Brian's Song* and *Babe* the athletes (Brian Piccolo and Babe Zaharias) died of cancer. In *Something for Joey* Penn State football star John Cappelletti's younger brother died of leukemia. All of these programs attracted huge prime-time audiences.

With the emergence of sport-drama as smash television fare has come a tendency to alter the facts for effect. Call it dramatic license—or chalk it up, as Hermann does, to "where is the drama in withdrawing?"—and it becomes more understandable that the book's description of Eleanor's relationship with her mother-in-law differs from the TV version. In *My Luke and I* Eleanor withdraws from conflict by leaving Lou's parents' home; in the TV show there is a scene in which the women confront each other. In the TV movie Eleanor visits the Mayo Clinic, a trip that never took place. She learned of her husband's illness over the telephone.

It is unfortunate that while so much attention was paid to getting the right echoes during Gehrig's speech and to understanding his character, similar devotion to accuracy was not observed in the retelling of his life. If it were not for the errors made for dramatic effect, the *Gehrig Story* would be the equivalent of a perfect game. **END**

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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

A season of big numbers was highlighted by dazzling shopping and bopping sprees. Fourteen free agents signed contracts worth \$1 million or more, topped by the five-year, \$2.9-million deal that brought Reggie Jackson to New York. Leaving the Big Apple was Tom Seaver, who was traded by the Mets to the Reds in the most stunning of a flurry of mid-June transactions. A livelier ball led to a record number of home runs (3,642) and an eight-point increase, to .264, of the major league batting average from last year. Up, too, was attendance, climbing 7.5 million to a record 35 million-plus.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Baseball's latest version of the Katzenjammer Kids, the Yankees, were often guilty of selfishness, stubbornness, laziness and contentment. At the vortex of many of the storms was Jackson, who had proved himself to be a winner with the boisterous A's and a run-n-up with the docile Orioles. Jackson endured, the Yankees matured, and in the end they all earned their primetime by coming out on top in the East. In the late going, the New Yorkers got their act together and entered the final week leading the Orioles by two games and the Red Sox by 26. Five consecutive Yankee wins were then built around three shutouts, three saves by Sparky Lyle and nine home runs. Still, when the Yanks dropped three in a row at week's end, it remained for Boston and Baltimore to eliminate each other. Five RBIs by Jim Rice and four by Carlton Fisk gave the Red Sox an 11-10 victory that finished off the Orioles. Six Baltimore homers, two by rookie Eddie Murray (the ended up with 27), then ousted Boston 8-7 and clinched first place for New York on the next to last day of the season.

Keeping the Yankees going were Jackson (32 HRs, 110 RBIs), Graig Nettles (37 HRs, 107 RBIs), Thurman Munson (308, 100 RBIs), Mickey Rivers (326), Lou Piniella (330) and Pitchers Ron Guidry (16-7, 2.82 ERA), Don Gullett (14-4) and Lyle (13-5, 26 saves, 2.17 ERA). The Red Sox, who led the majors in homers with 213, hit a record 33 during a 10-game June spree and had four big RBI men: Rice (114), Bunch Hobson (112), Carl Yastrzemski (102) and Fisk (102). Enabling the surprising Orioles to finish only 1½ games out were Ken Singleton (328, 99 RBIs) and Jim Palmer, who was a

20-game winner for the seventh time. Injuries shelved Mook (the Bird) Fuldry most of the season, but Detroit again came up with a fine rookie pitcher in Dave Rozema (15-7, 3.10 ERA). Andre Thornton of the Indians made a resounding comeback, batting average up to .265 from last year's .195, homers up to 28 from nine, RBIs up to 70 from 24. Kansas City broke open a tight western race with a 37-9 finish. Reliever Doug Bird won six games and saved a dozen after the All-Star break, and Dennis Leonard won 20 games. The Royals more than doubled their home-run production with 145 and got 112 RBIs and .312 hitting from Al Cowens. They also kept themselves loose with pranks: covering a ball with whipped cream and chopped nuts, and gluing a ball to the bat of a slumping hitter. After having a record four managers in one confusing July week, the Rangers settled down and finished second. Chicago boosted its homers from 70 to 192, thanks largely to Oscar Gamble (31) and Richie Zisk (30). Dave Goltz won 20 games for Minnesota, and Rod Carew came within eight hits of batting .400. Bobby Bonds (37 HRs, 115 RBIs, 41 stolen bases) and Nolan Ryan (19-16) excelled for the Angels. Oakland rookie Mitchell Page batted .307 and stole 42 bases. Seattle's Lee Stanton made a remarkable resurgence as he increased his average from .190 to .275, his homers from two to 27 and his RBIs from 25 to 90.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

With Tom Lasorda in the managerial saddle, the Dodgers galloped ahead in the West with a 22-5 start, led for all but seven days and became the season's only new divisional winner. Turnabouts were executed by Reggie Smith (average up from .253 to .307, homers

up from 18 to 32, RBIs up from 49 to 87) and Dusty Baker (.242 to .291, four homers to 30 and 39 RBIs to 86). Steve Garvey had 33 homers (the most by a Dodger in 20 years) and 115 RBIs. Ron Cey, 30 home runs and 110 RBIs. Thus the Dodgers became the first team ever with four 30-homer men. And Tommy John was a 20-game winner. Despite George Foster, Pete Rose, Johnny Bench and Seaver, Cincinnati was never in the race. Foster was the majors' biggest bopper—52 home runs and 149 RBIs—since Willie Mays in 1965. Rose's ninth 200-hit season equaled Ty Cobb's major league record. Bench slugged 33 homers and drove in 109 runs. Seaver was 14-3 as a Red and 21-6 overall. Bob Watson drove in 110 runs for third-place Houston, and Cesar Cedeno finished with a .279 average after hitting .179 through June 24. Venerable Willie McCovey, 39, had 28 homers for the Giants. With Rolfe Fingers (35 saves) on hand and with Cy Young-winner Randy Jones ailing, San Diego set a record for the fewest complete games—six. Gene Richards' 56 steals was a modern mark for rookies. There was little for Atlanta to savor except Jeff Burroughs' 41 homers. Philadelphia Manager Danny Ozark was glad he was talked out of lifting Larry Christenson for a pinch hitter last week, because the pitcher slugged a grand-slam homer and the Phillies beat Chicago 15-9 to clinch first place in the East. The attack was built around Greg Luzinski (309, 39 HRs, 130 RBIs), Mike Schmidt (38 HRs, 101 RBIs) and Bake McBride (316). The Phils thrived on the performances of Starter Steve Carlton (23-10) and Relievers Gene Garber, Ron Reed and Tug McGraw, who combined for 22 wins, 43 saves and a 2.59 ERA. Bruce Stetter (31 saves) helped Chicago stay on top in June and July, while Rick Gosage (26 saves) carried Pittsburgh. Both teams had 20-game winners: Rick Reuschel (20-10) for the Cubs and John Candelaria (20-5) for the Pirates. Bill Robinson's 104 RBIs and Dave Parker's league-leading hitting also buoyed the Bucs. Bob Fench won 20 games for St. Louis, and Lou Brock broke Ty Cobb's base-stealing record (892) in August and brought his total to 900. Garry Templeton, 21, of the Cards hit .322 and became the youngest shortstop ever to get 200 hits. New York's Steve Henderson, acquired in the Seaver deal, hit .297 and drove in 64 runs in 98 games.

## THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

### BATTING

Average  
Runs  
RBIs  
Hits  
Homers  
Steals

### PITCHING

Wins  
ERA  
Shutouts  
Strikeouts  
Saves

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Carew, Minn. .388  
Carew, Minn. 128  
Holt, Minn. 119  
Carew, Minn. 239  
Rice, Bos. 39  
Patek, K.C. 53

three tied with 20  
Tamma, Cal. 2.54  
Tamma, Cal. 7  
Ryan, Cal. 341  
Campbell, Bos. 31

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

Parker, Pitt. 338  
Foster, Cin. 124  
Foster, Cin. 149  
Parker, Pitt. 215  
Foster, Cin. 52  
Taveras, Pitt. 70

Carlton, Phil. 23  
Candelaria, Pitt. 2.34  
Seaver, Cin. 7  
Niekro, Atl. 262  
Fingers, S.D. 35



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Values collide and wisdom is a fuzzy thing. Who is to condemn the fishermen of Nova Scotia's St. Margaret's Bay, where a creature of grace and wonder has been made into a dull farm beast to be fattened and sold at auction? Call it bluefin tuna ranching, in St. Margaret's they call it a godsend.

Some of the tuna weigh half a ton, and more than 900 have been held captive all this past summer, in pens they can cross with a flip of their scimitar-shaped tails. Now they are being killed with shotguns, an incongruous end to these examples of the most perfect swimming machine on earth. But Japanese fish buyers are paying a dollar or more per pound for bluefin tuna.

The tuna ranches are three years old, and they are unique. Japanese buyers have been in the North Atlantic, where the bluefins roam in summer and fall, since the early '70s, when unprecedented numbers of tuna in the 1,000-pound class began to appear. Since smaller tuna have become scarce, regulations have been imposed by Canada's Department of Fisheries and Environment to limit the catch of the giants, which alarmed scientists call the last of the big breeders. The restriction has made the fish all the more precious in Japan, where their rich, oily flesh is a delicacy. Last week, in Tokyo's finest restaurants, two bites of raw tuna dipped in soy sauce and green horseradish went for \$11, and in Nova Scotia, a land of perfect little harbors crammed with rotting fish heads, no one feels any guilt about supplying the Japanese with tuna. Don't tell a Nova Scotia man about style. His job is surviving.

Tuna farming employs 125 men from five villages—feeding, killing, packing and shipping the bluefin. Thirty thousand pounds of bait are consumed by the 900 tuna each day—mackerel, herring, sauries, pollack and squid. That involves a lot of other Nova Scotians, fishermen and bait dealers. Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence, a county counselor who has many constituents in the tuna farming business, says, "I've been here 12 years and this is the first time I've heard a cheerful word about inshore fishing."

But the director of the largest tuna farms, a 62-year-old ex-New Yorker named S. Jay Eitman, is ambivalent about his meal ticket. "I could put a thousand fish in my nets each year," Eitman says, "but I won't."

"Why not?" he is asked, and in reply

## Their yen for bluefin

To satisfy the Japanese demand for raw tuna, a detective story writer has created a farm in Nova Scotia where 1,000-pound gametfish are fattened for slaughter



Bluefin that usually roam the Atlantic in search of food now side up for handouts in their vast pen

he talks about rod and reel fishing, of his boating two tuna in the '50s and then quitting going after them forever. He says, "A bluefin tuna is the mightiest creature from another world, and catching one is like shooting an elephant. I don't believe any man has a right to more than two." Those are strange words from the director of a tuna farm. But giant tuna have a way of getting to you.

With the fishermen of St. Margaret's Bay, however, where there is no tradition of rod and reel tuna fishing, giant tuna have never been anything but a nuisance, a destroyer of the mackerel traps for which their bay is famous. The tuna would chase the mackerel into the traps and the fishermen would hack them to death with pickaxes and sell the flesh as pet food for a nickel a pound. But that market ended in 1970, when high levels of mercury were discovered in giant tuna, and the U.S. and Canada banned their sale. Back in 1937 a few bluefin had been kept in a pound off Hubbard's Cove until the price went up slightly in the fall, but there had been barely enough bait

to keep them alive. The fisherman broke even and the project was dropped. That was the world's first bluefin tuna farm. Jay Eitman's was the first successful one, 38 years later.

Eitman spent 30 years writing for detective magazines. "The dick books," he calls them. "Fifty-two deadlines a year," and he stood the pace with the help of sailing vacations on St. Margaret's Bay. But in 1970 Eitman suffered a heart attack, his doctor warned him about what the deadlines were doing to him and in 1973, after a Japanese firm asked him to buy tuna for it in Nova Scotia, he formed Janel Fisheries, named for his daughters, Jane and Ellen. That was in July, the mackerel traps were being smashed apart, and before Eitman knew it he had 165 tuna iced on the floor of his shed at Indian Harbour on the bay's east shore. But it was too early. The fatty flesh the Japanese prize most highly is nature's preparation for the tuna's long fall migrations, and Eitman's lean summer fish were of little value. So Eitman concerned of the tuna farm; it took him a year of

continued

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## NATURE (continued)

planning before he was ready to approach Canadian fisheries people. He pointed out that the tuna he would raise had always been killed by the state mackerel fishermen anyway, but with little profit for anyone, and he offered his facilities as a lab for marine scientists, the first of its kind anywhere for bluefin tuna.

In July of 1975 Eitman had Japanese technicians build him two net compounds, each roughly 45 feet deep, 150 feet wide and 320 feet long. These holding pens are attached to a mackerel trap by means of a chute made of netting, and the tuna that enter the trap are driven into the holding pens. The heavy mesh nets at the corners of the pens are held in a curved shape so that there are no sharp angles where the fish will feel trapped and panic. Instead they just keep swimming on and on in a vain attempt to reach the end of the nets, the same design is used for the tanks for big fish in most aquariums.

Soon Canadian scientists began arriving. Ultrasonic tags were used to monitor body and water temperatures and the depth the tuna swim. It was discovered that eating frozen bait lowers the tuna's stomach temperature. Pancreas cells were studied as possible sources of insulin, but extraction proved to be commercially impractical. Divers learned that tuna have a pecking order, like chickens, with dominant feeders in each group.

In September and October the tuna were killed, 55 of them, but Eitman refused to watch. "You get to know these tuna," he said. Now he has eight compounds at four traps, holding more than 600 tuna weighing up to 1,100 pounds. He still doesn't watch when slaughtering time comes.

It is a nine-mile run from Indian Harbour to the Janel compounds on the west and north shores of St. Margaret's Bay where they are protected from the prevailing southwesterly. The old lobster boats creep along, piled eight feet high with crates of oozing, half frozen bait-fish. The place to stand is upwind. Through binoculars one can see the tuna, finning impatiently. They know the vibrations of the Janel boats but do not stir when other boats come near. The big fish have lost some muscle tone in captivity, but the flesh is still fine, and the sight and commotion of a 1,000-pounder engulfing a mackerel two feet from your nose stay with you awhile, like the sound of a lion roaring outside your tent.

(continued)

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at 2 a.m. A tuna that size eats 50 pounds of fish a day. Though experiments with three daily feedings have resulted in a 25% increase in food intake, it still must be determined if the weight gain is proportionate. A scientist is asked, "Is the purpose of this research to help people like Jay Eitman?" "Not necessarily," he replies. "Unless one understands the animal, conservation is really a shot in the dark."

Across the bay from Janel, Bobby Conrad, a mackerel trapper, has started his own ranch, and this year he raised about 400 tuna. (The quota for the bay is 1,200 fish of more than 300 pounds.)

Slaughtering the giant tuna began last month, and will continue at regular intervals until early November. The last group will be killed just before the lowering water temperature does the job and ruins the meat. It is important not to ship too many tuna at once to Japan. That would glut the market and bring down prices. There are men who make careers of studying the complexities of the tuna

market, and Jay Eitman has one at his plant. He is in constant communication with the home office in Japan, and sometimes the bills for those calls alone run to \$1,000 a week.

From 15 to 35 tuna are killed at a time, depending on market conditions. It is a job for 10 men. Six large rowboats are towed to the compound, and a false net floor is lowered by ropes at one end. The fishermen peer into the water, waiting for a group of tuna to pass beneath. When someone shouts, "Go," everyone starts hauling. Some times 30 giant tuna start coming up at once as they feel the false floor rising beneath them. As they sense their growing entrapment, they go berserk, lunging aimlessly, ramming bloodily into each other, smashing their immense tails on the water, shredding them against the boats. Now the bark of the shotgun echoes across the bay, again and again, and soon the fishermen are drenched in blood. No one has photographed the killing of the tuna. Eitman will not allow

it. He does not want "little old ladies parading outside the plant with placards."

At the plant the carcasses are packed in six-foot wooden crates, called coffins in the trade, and trucked to New York's Kennedy Airport. On the manifest is the warning **DO NOT OPEN IN U.S.—MERCURY CONTAMINATED**. Twenty hours after leaving Kennedy the tuna are on display at Tokyo's Tsukiji market. A whole fish can bring \$8 a pound; the fat belly meat is worth much more.

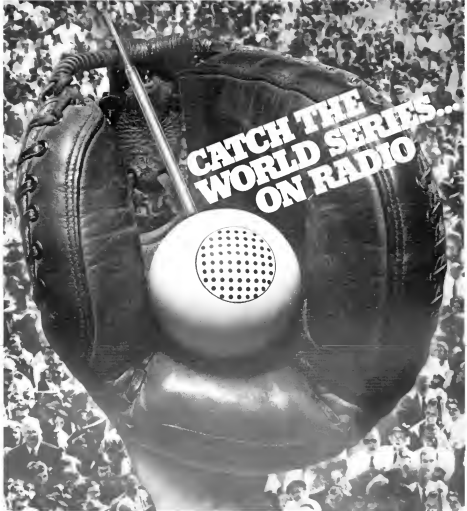
One scientist has been trying to produce the fatty tissue faster than nature can do it. He has been making sausages, cramming them with shrimp and crushed lobster bodies, then stuffing them in baitfish and feeding them to tuna. So far the results are inconclusive. Eitman isn't worried. He hasn't had to meet a deadline in seven years now, and he says of his new career, "This caps a lifetime of devotion to the outdoors. To know that I'm contributing to scientific knowledge, as well as making a buck, that's incredibly important to me."



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## He packed his title and split

At Watkins Glen, Niki Lauda regained his championship but bolted Ferrari



Comeback complete: Lauda seeks a challenge

James Hunt did two things fairly easily in the United States Grand Prix at Watkins Glen last Sunday: he won the race and lost his crown. The new world driving champion is Niki Lauda, a man few believed would ever be back, let alone regain the title he had won in 1975, after his crash last year in the German Grand Prix. Lauda clinched the championship by driving to a conservative fourth at the Glen, behind his only remaining challenger for the crown, Jody Scheckter, who finished third.

It had been, at least as far as the sport goes, a dull, wet, miserable week—until the last lap of the race. Hans Stuck led the first 14 laps in his 12-cylinder Brabham-Alfa Romeo, but then he ran off the course when he tried to lap three cars on the inside of a turn.

Hunt, to his admitted relief—he had been unable to gain on Stuck—inherited the lead with Mario Andretti, Scheckter and Lauda in pursuit, and their positions never changed for the remainder of the race. Hunt steadily drove away from Andretti and stretched his lead to as much as 17 seconds. With only a few laps remaining, Hunt began slowing to conserve his deeply grooved rain tires, which were wearing rapidly on the drying racetrack, and Andretti's black Lotus sneaked up behind him. It was not until Hunt passed the pits on the last lap and saw his McLaren crew frantically waving him on that he was aware of the threat and got back on the gas to hold off Andretti and win by two seconds.

Andretti has had an up-and-down season. He has won four Grands Prix, one more than Lauda and two more than Hunt. But he has also suffered more than his share of blown engines, which Lauda has not had to contend with because of the reliability of the Ferrari, a proud marque whose Italian red cars have now won the Constructors' Championship for the third consecutive year.

But next year Lauda—who had six second-place finishes in addition to his wins at South Africa, Holland and, fittingly, the German GP—will not be driving a Ferrari. He recently announced he will join the Brabham-Alfa team with John Watson. That startling announce-

ment made, the next question was obvious. Who would replace Lauda? The equally obvious answer, at least at first: Andretti.

What a tidy scenario—Italian refugee goes to America with visions of Tazio Nuvolari in his young head, wins the Indy 500 and becomes America's greatest race driver, has a dry spell and is considered washed up, comes back and makes a solid run for the world championship in an English-made Lotus, signs with Ferrari the next year, wins the world championship and retires.

The hitch—Andretti had signed a letter of intent with Lotus before Lauda quit Ferrari. So Andretti, morally if not legally bound, is sticking with the team that has been good to him. But Andretti thought about it pretty hard before making up his mind.

"Ferrari is the only team I would ever have considered," he said. "When I signed the letter of intent with Colin Chapman [owner, designer and team manager of Lotus], Lauda's leaving Ferrari was the furthest thing from my mind. Still, I had to talk to Ferrari, even if it was going to make a mess. To make things even more difficult, their offer was better than I expected. It was the toughest decision of my career."

So Niki Lauda is world champion for the second year out of three. Lauda is a man of puzzling motivations and strange, if unquestionable, determination. Now, after his remarkable comeback, it almost seems as if he is handicapping himself again by bolting to a team with a car that is as notoriously unreliable as it is fast. But that is Lauda's way. His reputation as a driver certainly has been reestablished, though early in the season there had been rumors Ferrari was no longer confident of his ability to help develop a race car. Should Lauda make Brabham a consistent challenger next year, who would doubt his ability in that area anymore?

Andretti also knows what he wants and is doing everything in his power to get it. His career is anything but over. And the tidy scenario that would have been may yet be realized—all but the color of the car.

END



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# Spectacles make him spectacular

Focusing on his receivers, Bob Griese has Miami eyeing another Super Bowl

It is still too early to know for sure, but it now appears that the city of Miami will be saved by Bob Griese's four eyes—and not by legalized gambling or nude beaches or Anita Bryant. A Dolphin promotion called "Explo '77," a campaign that sounds as if it was the brainstorm of the same ad guy who sent Lucky Strike green to war, was launched last Sunday afternoon when the Houston Oilers visited the Orange Bowl, and the National Football League's first bespectacled quarterback exploded all over the place in the first 15 minutes to lead the utterly surprising Dolphins to a quick 21-0 lead and start them on the way to a 27-7 victory, the third straight for the undefeated Miamians.

Because Miami had slumped to a 6-8 record last season and had not won its first three games since the Super Bowl year of 1972 (17 straight), one has to assume that Griese's eyeglasses have had as much to do with the comeback as all of Coach Don Shula's rebuilding efforts. Griese was nothing short of deadly against the Oilers, who were just as unbeaten as the Dolphins entering the game. When Griese put those 21 points on the board in the first quarter, it was the first time the Dolphins had done such a thing in seven years. He hit seven of his first eight passes, and did not throw a bad ball on the one he missed. One of the seven went for a touchdown to Duane Harris, who did some of the spectacular things that Nat Moore had done for Miami the previous Sunday against San Francisco.

The Houston game, however, was not really over until the early moments of the fourth quarter when the Miami defense, not Griese, held the Oilers for five downs after Houston had moved to a

first-and-goal at the Dolphin three-yard line. A touchdown would have brought the Oilers to within seven points of the Dolphins at 21-14. But employing some of the most curious play selection since the hideout and the flying wedge, Houston tried to hammer the ball into Miami's end zone on basically straight-ahead ground attacks, and when it was all over, the Oilers were still at the three-yard line—and Miami had the football.

Houston had scored its touchdown in the second quarter when Dan Pastorini, executing a fake handoff on which he al-

most had his right arm removed from his shoulder, trotted around left end more or less unnoticed. That was about it for Pastorini. This was Griese's day. Even when he suffered his first interception in 54 pass attempts this season, it came after the ball hit his tight end, Andre Tillman, in the chest.

Before the game Griese was leading the AFC's passers with a "rating" of 94.1, whatever that means. No one understands the system except a computer. But Griese probably did not do too much damage to his stats by completing 13 out

*continued*



The glasses have ended his dizziness, says Griese, who jokes he has a pair with windshield wipers

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## ARCHIE

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DOUBLEDAY



Chris Buckley

### PRO FOOTBALL continued

of 20 for 195 yards. These are relatively new Dolphins, of course, and Griese has had to become more of a thrower than he was during the championship days when his most agonizing decision was whether he should hand the ball to Larry Csonka, Mercury Morris or Jim Kick after Bob Kuechenberg, Larry Little, Norm Evans and Jim Langer knocked everybody down. During that era, Griese was generally regarded as a mechanic rather than a Johnny Unitas. He was Shula's Bari Starr.

Now Griese is in charge of the “Explo” Dolphins, the big-play team that the normally conservative-minded Shula has been forced to develop since the break-up—through injuries, retirements and defections—of the crew that dominated pro football in the early '70s. Miami has gone from a grind-it-out team to a “get the ball into the hands of Nat Moore or Duane Harris or Freddie Solomon if you don't mind” type of franchise. And Griese, who is still a good mechanic, has had to keep his arm limber. Strangely, this change has come about at the same time as Griese's need for glasses.

“I've always had a weak eye and a strong one,” Griese said after accepting the game ball last Sunday. “Last season I started to notice some double-vision and dizziness. I figured, well, I'd go to contacts. For me, though, contacts weren't the answer because of the prisms. I just had to put on glasses.”

Griese tried contact lenses during an exhibition game in mid-August, but after missing an extra-point kick in his role as replacement for the injured Garo Yepremian, he switched to regular glasses for the second half and booted two extra points. He has worn the glasses since that time.

You would think that glasses beneath a helmet and behind a face mask would have some effect on a quarterback's ability to gaze around the field for his receivers. Harris and Solomon, for example, are not exactly turtles when it comes to running patterns. And Griese certainly could see them just fine against Houston. He connected with six different receivers, but for some reason did not throw to Moore, who had begun to look like his favorite. Moore had done everything but inflate the ball in the 49ers game, catching three passes for 114 yards and two touchdowns. This time Griese displayed a distinct partiality for Harris, who was frequently running free in the

continued

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### PRO FOOTBALL continued

thrust as we have. We didn't used to yell and jump around in the dressing room like this."

As for all of that "Explo '77" business, it is actually a sales campaign to get the citizens of Miami interested in the Dolphins again. It was dreamed up by management to combat what a good many people, owner Joe Robbie excepted, felt was a rather dreary October schedule. Houston led it off but coming up soon in the Orange Bowl will be such pillars of the NFL community as the New York Jets, the Seattle Seahawks and the San Diego Chargers. While the Jets and Chargers stunned the world last Sunday, not to mention New England and Cincinnati, respectively, it remains to be seen how stunning they will continue to be. Miami is going ahead with its aggressive promotion to lure back the dropouts from the 74,000 people who used to buy season tickets. The number has dwindled to 35,000, and last year's 6-8 record, the first losing season Shula ever experienced, was hardly a selling point.

Shula has so rebuilt the Dolphins that only 10 of 22 starters remain from the team that won the AFC East in 1974. The new "No Name" defense for the Dolphins includes such luminaries as Kim Bokamper, Bob Baumhower, A.J. Duhe and Norris Thomas—or is it Thomas Norris?—but Shula had no complaints about their work against the Oilers.

"I like the people we have now," he said. "When you think about us in terms of those Super Bowl teams, you see some of the same faces, some of the important ones, like Griese and four-fifths of the offensive line. We don't have a Mercury Morris, but Malone is more powerful. We don't have Paul Warfield, but Nat Moore and Harris and Solomon can do more things. Maybe I put too much hope in some of our injured players the past two years. This year I said a player had to show me on the practice field that he could do it before he made the team. We haven't lost our zest around here. We work as hard as we ever did. Losing hasn't been easy to take, but it was a little easier because we had won. I think I'm as hungry as ever to win. I think we can win with these people."

Shula's most important statement concerned Griese, however: "He's absolutely better than he ever was."

Griese certainly was on Sunday. That's why the Dolphins awarded him the game lens.

END





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## Taking a quantum jump

*Trying to boost their sport into the big time, organizers of the American Jumping Derby offered a \$73,000 purse and got Linda Blair to award the blue ribbon*

Let me tell you what this game is like," said D. Jerry Baker, trainer of Jet Run, winner of this year's American Jumping Derby. "When you have to wrestle 1,500 pounds of animal over 24 jumps with a 150-pound body, it's like having a whale at the end of a fly rod."

The second annual American Jumping Derby took place two weeks ago at Glen Farm, a magnificent 230-acre tract studded with giant oaks and ancient stone barns in Portsmouth, R.I., just a short beat from Newport. Newspaper ads for the event promised "speed, danger and the breathtaking excitement of horse and rider challenging gravity and the clock" while "competing for the richest purse offered anywhere in the world."

Certainly the AJD is not just another horse show. It does not involve dozens of classes or depend for excitement on subtle equine distinctions incomprehensible to the outsider. There are just the horse and rider, facing 10 to 30 varied jumps, from four to 5½ feet high, over a course up to a mile long. The beauty of the derby, and what differentiates it from the

puissance—the pure jumping event in a horse show—and from stadium jumping, is that the obstacles are fixed and occur much as they would in the field, rather than crammed into some smoky arena like Madison Square Garden. "They are the kinds of things horses have been jumping over forever," says Frank Chapot, a six-time Olympian and designer of the derby course. "There are railroad gates, ditches, banks, logs, road crossings and fences." There is also a replica of England's famed Hickstead Bank, a precipice that rises nine feet, then descends at a 75-degree angle, with a rail and fence often placed at the bottom. There is also the treacherous Pulvermann's Grob, in which a horse must jump one fence, run down a ditch, clear another fence at the bottom and one more at the top. The jump was named for a German rider named Pulvermann, who designed it and was killed trying to jump it.

At Portsmouth the idea is to get over all these obstacles forward, backward, or doing the hustle. The rider who knocks down the fewest fences wins; ties are broken by fastest time. Simple. "And to simplify the objective even further," observed one aficionado, "what we have here is a bunch of Evel Knievels on horseback." And sure enough, the \$73,000 AJD pretty much delivered what had been promised. In the tense climax, F. Eugene Dixon Jr.'s Jet Run, a marvelous 9-year-old brown gelding, was the only one of 31 horses to complete a perfect round, winning the astronomical sum—for this sport—of \$12,000.

The concept of an American Jumping Der-

by first came to Mason Phelps Jr., the 29-year-old co-manager (with Carl Knee) of the event, when, as a U.S. Equestrian Team and Olympic rider in the late '60s, he visited the great European derbies at Aachen, West Germany, La Baule, France and Hickstead, England. In England, he was amazed to find show jumping the second most popular spectator sport. The crowds were large, the television audiences enormous. There, riders like David Broome and Harvey Smith are the Bruce Jennings and Kenney Stablers, making big money and getting their pictures on cereal boxes and into magazine ads. "America has racetracks for racehorses and stadiums for football, but no facility for horse jumping," Phelps says he thought at the time. And he had the spot all picked out—Glen Farm, dimly remembered from childhood visits.

Glen Farm was once a flourishing 750-acre spread, put together around 1900 by Phelps' great-grandfather, Moses Taylor, a New York banker who made his fortune by financing Cyrus Field's fifth attempt to lay the transatlantic cable. It seemed a bad risk, the cable having broken the four previous times. Since the death of Taylor's widow in 1959, the farm had been abandoned except for a small herd of Charolais cattle.

Phelps may have been to the manner born, but his family was not prepared to underwrite the derby. He began petitioning his wealthy friends back home in Southern California, then worked his way eastward, beaming a rakish and beguiling charm at such sporty and solvent types as Mrs. Raymond Firestone, Mrs. Theodora Gaston (formerly Getty) and F. Eugene (Fitz) Dixon, who owns two stables of jumpers—one of horses, called Erdenheim Farm, and another known as the Philadelphia 76ers. With a bankroll of about \$250,000 and a few tireless comrades, Phelps rented space at the farm from his grandfather, R. B. Taylor, in 1974, built a permanent outdoor ring, an indoor ring, fixed up the abandoned barns and started himself a jumping derby that he believes can be right up there with the Kentucky Derby, the Indianapolis 500 and the Stanley Cup.

Indeed, the danger factor is the hook that the AJD people hope will eventually snare the hockey and auto-racing crowds, not to mention the television networks. The horses, which are worth, on the average, \$150,000 or so each, suffer fewer injuries than their riders. At Portsmouth



Winners Michael Matz and Jet Run take an oar in an early round

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mouth, several horses were heard to mutter "Not me, champ," as they stopped dead in front of a fence and sent their riders on their way like acrobats launched from a teeterboard. Wilhelmina McEwan, thus flung from Mr. Dennis, sprained an ankle, and Karin Reid was tossed face first into a clump of blue spruce. She surfaced with the look of someone fresh from a passionate interlude with a porcupine. The worst casualty was a toy wooden duck, rudely decapitated while minding its own business at the water jump.

But with the carnage comes glamour, especially with this year's Newport crowd on hand, a duPont here, an Auchincloss there—at \$250 for a table of eight—sipping martinis, nibbling quiche and sounding like a thicket of crickets with their "click, click, click" encouragement to the horses. The less affluent came in at \$5 per carload and sat in open bleachers.

More than one bleacherite wondered aloud whether little Linda Blair, of Ex-

orcist fame, who was brought in to present the trophies, had also brought the weather, which was clearly ordered up from Hades. Two days of the foulest, and two of middling bad. New England nor'easters made a cold, muddy mess of things, kept most of the 6,000 bleacher seats empty, and forced some of the parties and clambakes under cover.

But spirits were not affected. In the traditional Calcutta on Saturday night, the derby favorite was Idle Dice, commanding a price of \$1,750. The aged gelding, known as The Dice, or like, has won more than \$250,000 in purses, more than any other horse in America. The ultimate winner, Jet Run, just a baby as jumpers go, brought \$1,625—from Baker, his own trainer.

Dixon had recently purchased Jet Run from Fernando Senderos of Mexico, who had won the gold medal in the individual stadium jumping event in the 1975 Pan-American Games with him. The price was whispered to be in the neighborhood of \$250,000, which might be the

most ever paid in this country for a show horse. "We bought the horse and sold the farm," said Mrs. Dixon, none too convincingly. As was pointed out, last year her husband had paid \$6 million for a jumper named Julius Erving.

Of the first 22 horses to try the soggy 18-obstacle, 24-jump course, only four, including Idle Dice, went around with as few as eight faults (four are assessed for each fence knocked down). Then Michael Matz, the 26-year-old Olympian, who had never ridden Jet Run in competition, guided the horse through a perfect round. A bit later, Bernie Traurig rode The Cardinal to a clean run, but he was seven seconds over the 200-second time limit.

Matz accepted the silver Inisico Cup as the leading rider, Baker, jumping up and down, won \$7,000 in the Calcutta. Linda Blair pinned one blue ribbon on Jet Run and Mrs. Dixon pocketed \$12,000 in mad money. "I only wish Fitzzy were here," she said. "But he's in training camp."

340

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NTST-1077

# VANKEE CLIPPER

*No, not Joltin' Joe but George Steinbrenner, who has put the Yanks back in trim from head to nose. It hasn't been clear sailing; he's been buffeted by his manager, his players and the feds*

**by RON FIMRITE**





CONTINUED

## STEINBRENNER

continued

**T**he navy blue Lincoln Continental limousine with the New York Yankee logo on the front passenger door was approaching the parking lot at Giants Stadium in the Jersey Meadowlands when Stanley Kreitman discovered the terrible mistake.

"Say, George," Kreitman said, addressing the broad shoulders of the man who was sitting up front with the driver. "I think Neil gave us the wrong tickets. These are for the Dolphin game on Sept. 11, not the Buffalo game tonight. Take a look."

George Steinbrenner examined the tickets. The limo's driver, John Lydon, glanced apprehensively at him, anticipating the sort of outburst a wrong turn or an abrupt stop can elicit from the principal owner of the Yankees. Tickets to the wrong football game might well send him through the roof of his expensive auto. But Steinbrenner seemed merely amused. "Neil's done it again," he said, smiling in resignation.

"What we can do is buy tickets at the gate and then go on up to the box," said another passenger, New York furrier Mike Forrest.

"We'll see," said Steinbrenner. "John, take us to the office gate."

The big car stopped directly in front of the Giants office, and the three fans, holding tickets for the wrong game, approached the gateman. "We've got a problem here," Steinbrenner began in hopeful tones. But the gateman apparently recognized his distinguished guest and, without saying a word, waved the party through. There were no further questions from guards, ushers or anyone else as Steinbrenner and friends made their way to an enclosed air-conditioned box high above the floor of the shimmering new stadium. There they joked about what essentially had been a gate-crashing. "I guess we know who has the clout around here," said Kreitman, who is a bank president and the treasurer of the New York City Public Development Corporation.

But Steinbrenner was angry now. "That would never happen in my place," he grumbled.

His place is Yankee Stadium, and two days later he called a meeting in his office there. A worried-looking group of administrators settled into chairs around the owner's circular desk. Steinbrenner's office has a fine view of the field. It has rich blue carpeting with the white interlocked NY logo in the middle and walls decorated with photographs of memorable moments in the stadium's 54-year history—the farewell appearances of Ruth and Gehrig; DiMaggio, Mantle and Stengel in solemn tableau, caps held over hearts; Mays hitting his 61st homer. Steinbrenner nodded as each employee took his seat. He is a large, athletic-looking man, exquisitely tailored on this day in a tropical suit with blue shirt and blue and red striped tie. At 47 he seems boyish, a fraternity president gaveling the rowdies into submission at a house meeting. He is too excitable to be dignified. He says "super" and "unreal" too often to be taken completely seriously.

He tapped a pencil nervously as the various staffers recited their reports, and he offered brisk suggestions that everyone recognized as commands.



*Under his guidance, the Yankees have given Steinbrenner and New York fans two titles to cheer about*



"We'll want plenty of radio coverage for the Toronto series. For Boston, we should have lots of pageantry—drums, bagles, that sort of thing." Then he turned to stadium manager Pat Kelly and unburdened himself of something that had been troubling him since the Meadowlands caper. Poor Kelly was lectured as if he were a scrub halfback.

"These people [the stadium ushers] are not checking the boxes," Steinbrenner said. "I want security up there like nobody's business. People are walking through unchecked. I'm warning you, Pat, this better not happen again or it'll be your head."

Kelly assured his boss that the stadium boxes would remain inviolate or other heads would roll. Steinbrenner nodded his own head and pressed resolutely on to other business. Chances are that any further dereliction would not have led to Kelly's beheading, but it could certainly have resulted in his joining the legions of the unemployed, because Steinbrenner does not lightly suffer what he perceives as incompetence, be it from stadium ushers or million-dollar outfielders. He expects, if not perfection, at least unyielding application to duty from anyone associated with him and, not insignificantly, from himself. "My employees know I'm tough on them, and I am," Steinbrenner boasts. "I demand more of them than they think they're capable of. I don't know of any other way to lead. I can't be responsible for how my people feel. I never demand more of any employee than I demand of myself. I'm not here to run a country club. I'm here to run a winning organization. And you'll notice my people are wearing championship rings."

This Prussian approach to employer-employee relations has not made Steinbrenner everybody's favorite boss. He has, as scores of former employees readily attest, quite another reputation. Not all of it is deserved. "George might be a Prussian, but he's no Nazi," says Marshall C. Samuel, the Yankees' vice-president for public relations and marketing, who has battled with and stayed with Steinbrenner for the better part of 20 years. "He's terribly impatient and he can be tough—particularly on secretaries. But he'll turn around and do something nice. He could do things more diplomatically, but he feels he gets results his way. Then, too, he has the unhappy faculty of putting his foot in his mouth and not knowing it."

"He's a tough guy to work for," says Marty Appel, the



As the head of American Ship Building, Steinbrenner (left) got himself big bucks and bigger trouble

Yankee public-relations director last year, now a players' agent. "He's sort of proud of his reputation. There's no need for him to be quite as hard on his baseball employees. After all, nobody's getting rich working in the Yankees' front office. But being with him was a terrific learning experience. He likes to have meetings where all of his people participate. I found out an awful lot about running a baseball team from him. And yet, I almost feel sorry for him. He's like a teakettle that's ready to boil. He can't sit back and enjoy himself. He seems so troubled and unhappy all the time. Here he's got the world's greatest plaything—the New York Yankees—and he can't have any fun with it."

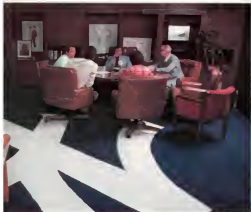
But the Yankees are no more of a toy for Steinbrenner than his shipbuilding business is. He gets pleasure out of work. The trouble with owning a baseball team is that what you do is so visible. "In the shipping business, the decisions you make are known to you and your shareholders," Steinbrenner says. "With the Yankees, every move you make is judged by 10 million New Yorkers."

The judgments this year have frequently been unfavorable. When Steinbrenner plucked Reggie Jackson off the free-agent list for all those Yankee millions, he touched off a series of ego conflicts unrivaled since the three Barrymores played *Rasputin* and the *Empress*. Thurman Munson was irked because the riches heaped on Jackson made his own handsome wages seem trifling. He was further piqued by aspersions Jackson cast upon Munson's leadership ability in a magazine article that appeared early in the

continued

## STEINBRENNER

continued



At Steinbrenner's meetings with his staffers, his wish is their command

season. Graig Nettles wanted his contract renegotiated, and when Steinbrenner refused, he stomped out of training camp. Said Steinbrenner to Nettles, "A cardinal rule in life is that when a man makes an agreement, he sticks to it." Nettles did not seem appeased. Petty jealousies erupted on a daily basis, and when Steinbrenner sought to buoy the spirits of the friendless Jackson, he inadvertently exacerbated his already precarious relationship with the Yankee manager, the tempestuous Billy Martin.

Steinbrenner's difficulties with Martin became public knowledge after the team's inglorious performance in last year's World Series with Cincinnati. "George wants to win at any cost," says another former employee, American League Assistant to the President Bob Fishel. And the Series was lost in four straight games. But a clash of wills was inevitable from the beginning between an owner who demands absolute obedience and a manager who accepts no authority save his own. Wherever Martin works, his job is always in jeopardy, and it seemed lost for certain this June when he and Jackson nearly came to blows in the Yankee dugout at Fenway Park before a nationwide television audience. After a desultory fielding effort by Jackson, Martin removed him from the lineup in a humiliating way, sending a substitute trotting into right field in plain view of 34,603 spectators and the huge TV audience. When Jackson came to the bench, he objected to this embarrassing treatment. Angry words were exchanged, and the two had to be separated. But Martin seemed to be the one who had lost control. After this incident, he was in and he was out from one day to the next. Rumors spread; the usually fatal vote-of-confidence press conferences were held; manifestos were issued.

During all of this, Steinbrenner was depicted as the man with the ax in his hands. If Martin were to survive, it would

only be through the good graces of Yankee President Gabe Paul, a supposed supporter. The manager was finally spared, for this season at least, but only after he agreed to abide by a set of rules Steinbrenner set forth.

Steinbrenner mused on this prickly issue a few weeks later while watching his team play Kansas City from his open-air box at Yankee Stadium. "There was only one point when Billy was out," he insisted, "and that was after the incident in Boston. I wasn't even there. I was in North Carolina. Gabe called and said we've got to do it—to fire Billy. Then he changed his mind. Gabe and I sat down to breakfast in his Milwaukee hotel room one morning in July. I asked him what he thought it takes to be a good manager, and he took out a piece of paper—his own personal stationery—and set down six points in the form of questions: 1) Does he work hard enough? 2) Is he emotionally equipped to lead men? 3) Is he organized? 4) Is he prepared? 5) Does he understand human nature? 6) Is he honorable? As I looked at Billy then, I didn't see where he qualified in any of these particulars. He'd always say, 'But I'm a free spirit.' Fine, but that's not good enough to be a big league manager. I don't think the players were solidly behind Billy at this time, either. Here we had this super team, and we were losing. The single most disappointing thing to me was that these people weren't showing pride.

"At the beginning of the year, we knew we had all these egos and that we were in the biggest media center in the world. Something had to give. But what surprised me was that Martin was in competition with Jackson and Munson for attention. He was actually vying with them for the center ring. Now Reggie has to be the center of attention. He's a deep young man and a good young man. And Thurman is such a competitor. Give me nine like him, and we'd never lose a game. What I didn't realize was that I had to deal with Martin's ego, too. He's colorful, and he wants the spotlight. He's a showman, and that's part of what's made him popular in New York. This is a town that likes stars. We knew we'd have to take drastic steps. We demanded that Billy enforce some discipline on the ball club—there were players sitting in the clubhouse right in the middle of games. 'C.K.' Billy said, 'Give me Art Fowler [a longtime friend and his pitching coach during previous managerial stints] and you'll have discipline.' 'Fine,' we said, 'if that's what it takes.' So we give him Fowler, and he moves Reggie to the cleanup spot, which is what we had wanted since spring training. And Lou Piniella becomes the designated batter, which we had also wanted. Pretty soon, we were back on the track.

"Billy doesn't have to win it all this year to keep his job. He just has to meet Gabe's criteria—and remember they're Gabe's criteria, not mine, as everyone seems to think. This is what Billy has needed all his life. I'm not trying to take away his spirit, but we're not running a popularity contest here. In the past, nobody ever kept the heat on him the way we have. In all those other places, they'd let him get away with things, complain a lot and then fire him. I don't want to do that. Now Billy's really trying. He's better prepared. He's working longer and harder. He just had to learn that everybody has a boss, that everybody is accountable to someone. I like Billy very much personally. We get along a

continued



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lot better in person than we do in the papers. I'm probably the best friend he's got, because I don't want to fire him and take away his income. We'll make a better man out of him. And no, I don't mind it when he gets cheered at home plate [cheers of support, presumably, in his contest with Steinbrenner]. That's fine. But what really counts is that Billy's doing things now he's never done before."

When Chris Chambliss pinch-hit the winning home run in the eighth inning of the game that afternoon, Steinbrenner was so impressed with his manager's tactical brilliance that he instantly got on the phone to offer his congratulations. "You're lucky," he said to Martin, laughing. "Now here's how I would have done it..." Then he summoned an aide. "Get me the smallest bottle of champagne you can find and put it on Billy's desk." He ordered. "And put this note on it: 'You deserve every drop of this.' Oh... and put a red ribbon on it."

The split of champagne stood unopened on Martin's desk the next day. Martin and his watchdog, Fowler, were looking at a television showing of the vintage *Hercules*, starring Steve Reeves. There were photographs of Martin's idol and former manager, Stengel, all over the office walls. Martin looked at Fowler, who was shaking his head in disbelief over the idiocy on the TV screen. "I've been trying to get Art here for two years. I'm happy to have him at last," Martin said. It was obvious he felt he needed a friend. But what of his relationship with the owner? Had that improved since the critical days of midsummer?

"I don't want to discuss that," he said quietly. "I have nothing to gain from discussing that."

On the screen a woman in a stola was saying, "Very well, Hercules, but there is one thing you can't take away from me—the love we shared together." Martin smiled.

Driving away from Yankee Stadium, Steinbrenner hardly seemed an ogre. He had Lydon stop the limo amid a cluster of young fans outside the park. He signed autographs, posed for pictures and cheerfully answered questions. "Have our boys been stopping here?" he inquired of one youngster with an autograph book. "Good, they're supposed to."

"George," a boy called to him, "are you keepin' Billy?"

"Yep," Steinbrenner said, and then as traffic backed up behind the limo, he ordered his driver to move on.

"Now, that's what it's all about," he said, waving at the crowd. "Most of those kids don't have much. They'll go home to a hot, un-air-conditioned apartment. The Yankees are their summer."

The summers of George M. Steinbrenner III in the Cleveland suburbs of Bay Village and Rocky River were, though Yankeeless, much more pleasant. Born on the Fourth of July 1930, the only son of a prosperous Great Lakes shipowner, he showed early traces of the drive that characterizes him today. By age nine he had his own company. "Dad didn't give me an allowance," he recalls. "He gave me chickens. I'd get my money through them. I had a regular egg route. I'd get up early, clean the roosts and then sell the eggs door to door. It was called the George Company. When I went away to school, I sold the business to my sisters, Susan and Judy. It became the S & J Company."

Steinbrenner's father, a former NCAA hurdles champion at MIT, impressed on his son the virtues of toughness

in a tough world. "He was a typical German father—very strict, a great teacher, very difficult at times," says Steinbrenner. "He was extremely competitive, and he taught me to be. I had some great teachers in life, but it all comes back to Dad. Whatever good there is in me is him. Whatever's bad is me."

Another strong influence in forging the adamantine Steinbrenner character was Culver Military Academy in Indiana, which he entered at age 13. "It was a great, great part of my life," he says. "When you go to a tough military school as a freshman, you learn to be self-reliant. I've got skin like an alligator, and I can tough it out with the best of them now." Yankee Vice-President Samuel contends that Steinbrenner's now-celebrated opposition to long hair and beards can be traced back to his Culver education. "He never dreamed that imposing a hair code would be considered controversial," says Samuel.

At Williams College, Steinbrenner was a star hurdler like his father and a football halfback. Later, as an Air Force officer, he was instrumental in organizing a sports program at Lockbourne Air Force Base near Columbus, Ohio that was credited with curbing an AWOL problem there. He stayed in Columbus after getting out of the service to coach football and basketball at St. Thomas Aquinas High School and to marry a local girl, Jean Zieg. In 1955 he became an assistant football coach at Northwestern under Lou Saban, who is still a close friend, and during the 1956 and '57 seasons he worked as Jack Mollenkopf's backfield coach at Purdue. But coaching was neither remunerative nor conducive to a happy home life, so Steinbrenner joined the family business, the Kinsman Transit Co., in 1957.

Kinsman ships had been on the Great Lakes since 1882, but Steinbrenner's father had by this time despaired of competing against such giants as U.S. Steel. His son shared no such pessimism and, with the help of a loan from a New York bank, purchased the company, which had eight ships carrying grain, coal and ore on the Great Lakes, from his family. Except for a financially disastrous involvement with the Cleveland Pipers professional basketball team from 1959 to 1961, it was clear sailing for the shipping tycoon. He became part of a group that purchased the American Ship Building Co., and in 1967 he became its chairman and chief executive officer. By 1972 the company's gross sales were more than \$100 million annually.

The hard-driving Steinbrenner style was perfected in this plunge into big business. He operated virtually around the clock, making almost impossible demands on himself and his underlings. One former employee, Jim M. Bonk, told the *Wall Street Journal* two years ago, "Mr. Steinbrenner would show up at 9:30 in the morning and say, 'Get an executive jet in here right away. I want to leave at 11:30 and be in New York for a meeting at 12:30. We'll catch lunch and be in Pittsburgh for a meeting at three and be back in Cleveland by five.' I sometimes had the feeling he just wanted to have somebody there to jump."

This fierce energy flowed over into an amazing number of civic projects. He became one of the country's chief fund raisers and a philanthropist of unflinching generosity. He was the chairman of the Junior Olympic Executive Committee, which financed a track and field program for young-

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## STEINBRENNER

continued

sters. He organized and directed the Cleveland March of Dimes campaign in 1960 and increased collections by 37%, the biggest improvement in the nation for any health-fund drive that year. He prepared Cleveland's Little Hoover Commission report on harbors and airports. He founded Group 66, an interracial organization of young businessmen working for civic improvement. He was the director of the Cleveland Now program and the Greater Cleveland Growth Corporation. He helped finance a sports banquet for black athletes, sponsored by Cleveland's black newspaper, the *Call & Post*. He raised money to send the winners of the Ohio Olympics for the Retarded to the international finals in California. He personally helped finance the college education of some 70 underprivileged students. He was appointed to the Ohio Board of Regents. He was the Cleveland and Ohio Junior Chambers of Commerce Man of the Year for 1960. *FORTUNE* magazine cited him as one of 12 "movers and shakers" in the country. He was chosen by the American Academy of Achievement in Dallas to receive the Golden Plate award for "extraordinary leadership." And *Penthouse* magazine named him the country's best-dressed businessman.

He was, beyond argument, a big man in Cleveland. And he soon branched out. He formed a partnership with theatrical producer James Nederlander, and they produced the road-show versions of *George M.*, *On a Clear Day* and *Funny Girl*. On Broadway, they did *Seesaw* and the 1970 Tony Award winner, *Applause*. "If George were in the theater exclusively, he'd be another Mike Todd or Ziegfeld," says Nederlander.

Steinbrenner also went into horse racing. He is a general partner in Kinship Stables, a racing syndicate based in Ocala, Fla., and the owner of the 860-acre Kinsman Stud Farm. In 1972 he bought a 10% interest in the Chicago Bulls of the NBA. And in November of that year he met with Mike Burke, then president of the Yankees, to discuss buying the team from CBS, which was anxious to get out of baseball, having lost \$11 million. An agreement was announced on Jan. 3, 1973. A group of investors headed by Steinbrenner had purchased the Yankees for \$10 million, nearly \$3 million less than CBS had paid for the team in 1964. "George's pri-

pal reason for buying the Yankees was to cease being anonymous and become a celebrity," says Burke, who resigned several months after the purchase. Steinbrenner would become one all too soon.

As Steinbrenner tells it, his troubles began in 1969, when he was asked by the Democratic Party to chair the Democratic Senatorial and Congressional Dinner. With customary zeal, he ran the most financially rewarding dinner in party history: the contributions exceeded \$800,000. In 1970 he was again asked to take charge, and this time more than a million dollars was raised. While organizing these events, Steinbrenner formed a number of close relationships with important Democrats, not the least of whom was Senator Edward Kennedy. Although he protested that he was a political independent, Steinbrenner's Democratic fund raising and chumminess with the Kennedy clan did not sit well with the Nixon Administration, from which he had been seeking legislation favorable to Great Lakes shipping. American Ship quickly found itself the subject of anti-trust investigations.

At the time he agreed to organize the dinners, Steinbrenner had been warned by Cleveland Democrats of the Nixon team's capacity for vindictiveness. The pressure was suddenly on him in 1972, Steinbrenner says, to avoid further difficulties by contributing substantially to the now infamous Committee to Re-elect the President. The manner in which he chose to do so proved his undoing. Eight company officials were alleged to have been awarded "bonuses" of \$25,000 with the understanding that the money would then be donated to the Nixon campaign committee. Steinbrenner personally contributed \$75,000. Prosecutors said Steinbrenner and the company then attempted to conceal the illegal "phony bonus" contributions. Steinbrenner was indicted on 14 different counts in April of 1973.

He pleaded guilty on Aug. 23, 1974 to one count of conspiracy to violate the campaign-funding law and to another of attempting to cover up the donations and was fined \$15,000. In November of that year Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn suspended Steinbrenner for two years, declaring him "ineligible and incompetent to manage or advise in the management of the Yankees." The suspension was lifted 16 months later, in time for the opening of the 1976 base-

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## STEINBRENNER

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ball season. Steinbrenner resigned as chief executive officer of American Ship, taking a salary cut of nearly \$90,000—to \$50,000—while continuing to serve as board chairman. He moved with his wife and four children to Tampa, Fla., where American Ship maintains an office.

Steinbrenner says he was advised by attorneys that his way of contributing was legal. Bad advice, he now ruefully acknowledges. He also contends that he pleaded guilty to avoid the time and expense of a trial and to spare others involved. "I thought it was legal," he says. "This is something that will be with me for the rest of my life. I'm sorry that it happened. It's past now and I took my medicine. And I didn't drag anyone else down with me. It's a burden I must bear, a burden my family and I must bear."

Steinbrenner tried to put his woes behind him by plunging even deeper into work—this time with the Yankees. "It was a whole new ball game after the suspension," recalls Appel. "Gabe Paul was

no longer the man we worried about."

"Nothing is done without George's authority," says Fishel. "Not even picking the hotel on the road."

Or the cutting of hair. Steinbrenner's grooming edict still raises hackles. One former Yankee, White Sox Oscar Gamble, called his ex-boss "the Yankee Clipper." Piniella posted a mock drill schedule on the clubhouse bulletin board. And when Munson wished to express his displeasure this year, he did so by starting to grow a beard. Steinbrenner fails to see why everyone is so ruffled. "I have nothing against long hair," he says. "But wearing a Yankee uniform represents tradition. I think a Yankee should look well-groomed. If your hair is long on a hot day, you can't possibly look that way. After all, I'm paying the bills and issuing the paychecks around here, and I feel a certain way about Yankee tradition. When these guys walk into a town, people are impressed. 'The Yankees are here,' they'll say. It's important that

this tradition be continued, not only for us but for the American League and baseball."

Although hair has been the main concern in Steinbrenner's grooming campaign, his interest has not stopped there. As recently as two weeks ago, when New York was still battling for the division title it clinched last Saturday, Steinbrenner was, it seems, using his sock on the team's socks. Before a Sunday double-header, Willie Randolph, Bucky Dent and Mickey Rivers found new pairs of dark blue Yankee hose in their lockers. When they inquired about this, they were told that club officials thought the star-rings on their old socks were too high, that not enough blue was showing below their trouser legs.

"Who'd it come through?" barked Martin when he heard about the order for the new socks. "It should've come through me, and I don't like it. We can't be worrying about socks in a pennant race." Then, in an apparent reference to

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the only former backfield coach in the organization, he added, "Maybe they do that in football."

Another Steinbrenner idea that has drawn nearly as much ridicule as his appearance code is the walkie-talkie system he set up during last year's playoffs and World Series and revived this August. Gene Michael, a former Yankee infielder who is now an administrative assistant with the team, is seated in either the press box or the stands. From his Olympian perspective he communicates with the dugout on tactics. What he talks about is a matter of some conjecture. It is not, Steinbrenner insists, the opposing team's signs. Michael's only responsibility, Steinbrenner says, is positioning the fielders. Opposing managers and owners are so suspicious of Michael's intentions that he sometimes has a problem getting a seat, but what is more galling to Steinbrenner is that a few owners have chosen to make a joke of the operation. In Chicago, Bill Veeck assigned an aide,

Dan Cohen, to shadow Michael around the park, bugging him, as it were. Meanwhile, First Base Coach Minnie Minoso appeared on the field wearing a headset, complete with telescoping antenna.

"Oh, they can make fun of the earphones if they want," Steinbrenner says. "But remember how much success that system has had in football. Pretty soon, you'll see other teams doing it. It's one more advantage for your side, and that's what sports are all about."

It is at Steinbrenner's insistence that such patriotic airs as *The Yankee Doodle Boy* and *Over There* are played during Yankee games. Not insignificantly, the songs were composed by George M. Cohen, who was further immortalized a few years ago in the Steinbrenner-Nederlander production, *George M.* And, of course, Steinbrenner is not only a George M. himself, but also like the Yankee Doodle Dandy, an Independence Day baby.

These are details, but nothing is too

small for the Yankee owner. During a recent game, Steinbrenner watched with dismay as his ground crew swept the infield with what he regarded as a singular lack of gusto. "We ought to get a guy out there who can strut like that guy in Detroit," he said to Samuel. "We can't overdo it. We got to have a guy who looks spontaneous. But we need a strutter, the old darktown shuffle."

When plastic beer mugs with Yankee photos on them were suggested by his promotion department as gifts for Fan Appreciation Day, Steinbrenner seemed vitally interested. "Yes, that's good, but you've got to make sure we have enough of them," he said. "We can't give out 30,000 mugs if we're going to have 50,000 people in the park. From a public-relations standpoint, it would be murder. The only thing that can hurt us is ourselves. It's happened before right here, and it's happening now across the city." To Steinbrenner, "across the city" means the Mets, and he has as much use for

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## STEINBRENNER

Continued

them as he has for punk-rock musicians. He is still steamed at what he considered to be their arrogance during the Yankees' two years as tenants in Shea Stadium. The Mets' disastrous performance this season displeased him not in the least. "They owned this city," he is fond of saying. "We were just tenants. Now look what's happened."

Steinbrenner's record of good deeds persists in the Bronx. The Yankees financed a \$40,000 restoration of handball courts across the street from the stadium. They have contributed \$5,000 toward the construction of Babe Ruth Field, also across the street. The team underwrote the recent Morgan State-Grainblender charity football game for black college scholarships at the stadium.

For all of this involvement, Steinbrenner insists that he is slowly phasing himself out of the Yankee picture, that all he is doing now is organizing a staff he can trust so that in a few years he can repair to his Florida digs and commune with his horses. In the meantime, his fingers will be in the pie. "As baseball is constituted today, an owner who doesn't get involved is an trouble," he says. "I rely very strongly on the judgment of my baseball people—Gabe and Billy—but baseball men are not businessmen. There are millions of dollars invested in this organization. To just sit back and go to an occasional ball game is just crazy."

Charm seems an unlikely word to be applied to so volatile and abrasive a personality as Steinbrenner. But it is heard. "He's a real charmer," says Fishel matter-of-factly. Even disgruntled former employees speak of his "Jekyll and Hyde" personality, conceding that he is at least two parts Jekyll and one part Hyde. Samuel, who was once fired by Steinbrenner in the pre-Yankee days, says, "I just have this great respect and love for the guy."

It is Steinbrenner's obsession with toughness that detracts from a more sensitive nature. He is the man on the move, the one who taps his pencil if the talk is not fast enough. But his pose as a martinet can swiftly dissolve into bluff affability, particularly if he is in the company of other high rollers. His political and show-business connections have brought him close to any number of national celebrities, but he seems on less comfortable terms with the stars in his clubhouse. During a stretch this year when Steinbrenner was traveling from

city to city to inspect the performances of his minions, there was even a player who said, "The more we lose, the more often Steinbrenner will fly in, and the more he flies in, the better chance there is of a plane crashing."

"There are some guys who dislike George out of misunderstanding," says Jackson, who after eight years with Charles O. Finley knows full well how disagreeable an owner can be. "It's human nature to want to win and to be included in the winning. It makes you feel you're part of something. A lot of the guys don't understand that. All an owner wants is for you to acknowledge him, to come up to him sometimes and call him 'Mr. Steinbrenner,' to give some respect. George likes to talk with the boys, to bring his executives into the clubhouse and show off a little. What's wrong with that? Like the other night, I saw George with some people over at Jimmy Weston's, so I sent over a round of drinks. I think he appreciated that."

Steinbrenner is often seen at Weston's, a 54th Street bistro frequented by the sporting crowd, including some of his own ballplayers. He is recognized there, treated with deference. Weston's has inherited many of the old Toots Shor's customers, and Steinbrenner likes the masculine atmosphere. He feels none of the hostility there he might attract elsewhere. On a sultry August night, he was having dinner at Weston's with his friend Mike Forrest. Steinbrenner was no tough guy this night. The next morning he would attend the funeral of Lou Saban's wife in Buffalo, and he was considerably saddened by the prospect. The hard-fisted magnate was reflective.

"There has to be a heavy in everything," he said, remarking on the role he seems to be playing. "He's always the guy who has to make the tough decisions, the boss. I realize I'm going to be a heavy in a lot of things, but I'm going to do what I can to bring the Yankees back all the way. This country didn't get where it is without a lot of heavies." He paused, calling back some of the great heavies of history. "Harry Truman was the heavy in the MacArthur decision—I saw that movie just the other day. But time has vindicated him. My vindication? Well, we won the pennant last year for the first time in 12 years and drew two million for the first time since 1950. And we're doing it again. That's vindication."

Glenn Covington, who plays piano and sings in a neo-Fats Waller manner, stopped to chat with Steinbrenner before going onstage. He is a round-faced, chocolate-colored man who was dressed this night in a safari suit. He is also an enthusiastic Yankee fan. "How about that game today, Mr. Steinbrenner?" he said, plopping into a chair next to the owner. "Chambius came through again."

"Yeah," said Steinbrenner, happily. "Super. Unreal." He placed a large hand on the entertainer's shoulder. "Say, would you play *Country Road* first to night. I've got to leave pretty soon. Funeral tomorrow. Have to fly to Buffalo."

"Sure, Mr. Steinbrenner."

As it happened, the table next to Steinbrenner's was occupied exclusively by West Virginians, who rose to their feet and cheered at the mention of their home state in the lyrics. Steinbrenner seemed pleased to have made so many people happy. "How about that? Unreal." He departed immediately after the song, waving his thanks to Covington. He stepped out into the heavy night air and stood for a moment watching the cabs buzz by. The man from Cleveland, an outsider somehow.

"I'm so happy with this city," he said. "It deserves a winner. You get a lot of pride out of being a part of the New York Yankees, of being a part of that tradition. The pride of the Yankees. That's it. What a movie. The kind of player I want is the kind who'll have tears in his eyes every time Gary Cooper steps to that microphone to say, 'I'm the luckiest man on the face of the earth.' People who say I'm not involved with this city are dead wrong. Maybe the silk-stocking guys don't like the way I run this ball club, but the little guy—the bartender, the guy pushing a cart, the cab drivers—they're the ones who need the Yankees. My involvement is not sipping cocktails in all the fashionable places. My involvement is with the roots of the city. Why, just the other day a cabbie picked me up and took me back to the Carlyle. When I started to pay him, he said, 'No, Mr. Steinbrenner, this one's on me. I want to thank you for what you've done for the Yankees.' Isn't that super?"

In high spirits now, he hailed a cab. "The Carlyle, please," he said. "Sure," said the cabbie, who quite obviously did not know George M. Steinbrenner III from a hole in the ground. **END**

# Is America getting trapped by foreign steel... as we are by foreign oil?

In the oil-crisis winter of 1973-74, another crisis struck—the steel crisis. You don't remember America's steel crisis? Well, it was real. And it cost America's steel users a bundle.

## The steel trap

Most foreign steelmakers are either owned, subsidized, financed, aided and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or generate capital.

We believe that much of the steel being imported into the U.S. is being "dumped"—that is, sold at prices lower than those charged in the producer's own country, and usually below the foreign steelmaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been hard to prove.

## Here today, gone tomorrow

During periods of slack demand, foreign steelmakers push to maintain high production rates and high employment. They ship excess steel overseas, much of it to the U.S., priced to sell.

That's what happened in the

sixties and early seventies. But, suddenly, in '73 and '74, the imported steel was needed "at home." The foreign supply dwindled to a trickle. Domestic mills worked overtime, but our production capacity just wasn't enough. Steel imports had skimmed off increases in the domestic demand for steel and reduced the profitability of the American steel industry.

## So they lowered the boom

Foreign producers jacked their prices sky-high. And America's steel users could (1) cut back their manufacturing operations, or (2) pay an exorbitant price for foreign steel—when they could get it! It's estimated that in 1974 alone American steel buyers paid foreign producers \$1.6 billion over the then current domestic market prices.

## Will history repeat itself?

How much should this country rely on imports for its steel supplies? Things were bad in '73-'74, but they could get worse in the future. What could this

country expect if we were as dependent on foreign steel as we are on foreign oil?

## Free trade, yes! But fair!

Bethlehem Steel and the American steel industry are not "protectionist." We are not looking for permanent trade barriers against foreign steel coming into our home markets. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair and equal terms here in our own country.

## Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports... and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

## Bethlehem



Pick up a copy of PEOPLE—any day, any week—and watch a lot of people being all too human. Listen to them talk about themselves—and, sometimes, about everyone else. Find out what they're into, onto, up to. Learn what they're proud of, pleased with, angry about, happy over. Meet the tycoons, wheeler dealers, big names in every field from show biz to monkey biz and back. Meet ordinary people doing extraordinary things. They're all

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you first start playing.  
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who looked worse."**

**Carl Reiner**



(Carl Reiner has done all there is to do with comedy—written it, produced it, directed it, starred in it. His work with Sid Caesar and Mel Brooks is legend. Carl is currently editing a film he directed called "Oh, God," with George Burns in the title role.)

**Q.** Would you recommend tennis to everyone?

**A.** Only to people who like sun, running, wearing cute outfits, comfortable shoes and get pleasure in hitting a ball with a stringed instrument.

**Q.** How bad were you when you first started?

**A.** My game was laughable, which got me invited to loads of celebrity tournaments. I'd disguise how bad I was by playing it for laughs. The spectators seemed

to enjoy me, but I didn't. So I resolved to take lessons and try for respect. That was two years ago.

**Q.** Do you get respect now?

**A.** No, I'm still getting laughs but they're not as raucous. I now play well enough to enjoy myself completely. I love the running, I love the competition. I get a thrill out of hitting a good shot. And I feel better than I have in years. I feel younger, stronger, smarter, and better looking.

**Q.** How much recreation were you getting before tennis?

**A.** Very little. I tried jogging but it bored me. Too many people get bored with jogging and give up recreation altogether. I didn't. I switched to tennis. Now I run more than I ever did jogging, and I keep at

it because I love the competition and the strategy. There's very little strategy in jogging.

**Q.** It's a shame you didn't discover tennis sooner. Didn't you play at all as a kid?

**A.** Nobody in The Bronx played tennis. There was only one tennis racket in the whole Bronx and that was warped. For 30 years I thought a tennis ball was something you hit with a broomstick.

**Q.** What do you advise people who won't take up tennis because they're afraid of looking dumb?

**A.** Take lessons with a kindly professional. Group lessons if possible. Second, get out on a court as often as you can. Find a friend or three you can count on to show up. If you can't, call me. I'm always ready!

This is one in a series of messages brought to you by AMF. We make Vior Balls, Head Skis, Tennis Rackets and Sports Wear, Skamper Trailers, Roadmaster Bicycles, AMF Bowling Products, Slickcraft Boats, Sunfish Sailboats, Hanteras Yachts, Crestliner Boats, Ben Hogan Golf Equipment, Harley-Davidson Motorcycles.





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# As I Did It

by RICK TELANDER

**A SORE ARM AND CHIN MUSIC WERE FACETS OF A TRYING WHITE SOX TRYOUT**

Danny Cohen had the inside dope. Danny worked in the ticket sales office at Comiskey Park and back in February was one of the first to find out that the White Sox were going to hold a free-agent tryout. "You could maybe make the team," he said. I had not told Danny about my baseball experience. It consisted of three Little League games 16 years ago. I had quit because I got too hungry standing out in left field.

"They're looking for speed and throwing," Danny said. "If they see you do those things well, they might let you hit." One more thing. They were looking for youth. Well, perhaps I could do something about my age—28.

On a Tuesday several weeks later I line up with the other hopefuls along 35th Street outside Comiskey Park. They seem to range in age from 16 to the early 30s.



They have on a variety of softball shirts, sweat pants and caps, and one of the guys is decked out in an exact replica of the Houston Astros uniform, except that it has the words FAMILY KITCHEN across the chest. Several of the players are wearing batting helmets, pushed down hard on their heads. Periodically, they take ferocious swings with imaginary bats.

I look at the players behind me. "Well, fellows," I say, "what kind of shot you think we've got today?" They shrug and fidget. "I heard Dan Driessen of the Reds made it at a free-agent tryout," one of them says, looking dreamily off in the general direction of Cincinnati. "It's a long shot. But you never can tell."

At the check-in desk a woman asks my position and age. "Outfield," I say, pulling my cap low on my forehead. "Eighteen." She gives me a number without looking up. If I make the team and they wonder how 10 years have been shaved off my age, I can blame it on her. Inside the park I run into a gray-haired man in a spotless White Sox uniform. One of the scouts. "Excuse me, Coach," I say. "But do guys ever make it from these tryouts?" He looks somewhat startled. "Not from this area too much," he says.

"Didn't Dan Driessen make it at a free-agent tryout?"

"That's what I hear."

We both ponder this a moment.

"Well, you never can tell," I say.

"No, you can't," he says.

Out on the field the grass is flawless, the sky deep blue, the infield tan and smooth. The pitchers and catchers had tried out earlier in the day. There had been so many, someone says, that they filled the entire field when they spread out to show their stuff.

The outfielders, perhaps 100 of us, are led to the warning track and, three at a time, we do 40-yard dashes. I win my heat and figure I'm still in the running for batting practice. Next we are directed to right field, where we are to make our throws to the plate. Because I am practically the only person who brought along a ball, I agree to play catch. No. 203 decides to throw me a high one. Back, back. Way back. The ball lands in the 10th row of the bleachers. "Sorry," he says, hanging his head.

"All right!" says a scout. "Line up and throw home." Each player gets three fungoes to field and peg to the plate. Some of the throws dribble to the infield but a

couple of the aspirants throw almost like big-leaguers.

My turn comes. "Hit the cutoff man," yells the scout. The ball arcs toward me. "Charge it! Charge it!" he screams. I scoop up the ball, feel a nice surge of power transferring up from the grass and into my arm. I throw one that lands within an arm's reach of the cutoff man. "Put it on a line," says the scout, without pleasure. "Rifle it." On the next fungo I rear back and whip the ball as hard as I can, on a line—50 feet short of the cutoff. A new sensation hits my arm—pain. It feels as if a dozen cattle prods have been applied from my elbow to my shoulder socket. My next throw is a joke. My right arm hangs useless at my side, three feet of mush. Now I'm afraid I won't get to hit.

After the throwing, there is a surprise for us. "Everybody gets to hit today," says the scout, to restrained cheering. "You get five balls against Mike over there." He gestures to the pitching machine on the mound. "Not five swings, five balls. Don't take pitches. Hit the ball. Sting it."

The players eagerly step in to take their cuts. But Mike is temperamental. For a while he throws knuckleballs, and then he goes for a few heads. He strikes out the tail batters and plays chin music on the shorties. When No. 236 finally drills one into the left field stands, the entire assemblage applauds vigorously.

Catchers, holdovers from the morning session, step in to receive Mike's deliveries. The first catcher goes down in a heap after a low foul tip. A new one comes in, but after a dozen or so batters he also takes a dive and crawls out of the batting cage. When a third catcher is decked, Mike is allowed to hum his stuff unobstructed to the screen.

When my turn comes, I find I can't get around on the ball, fouling off each pitch. Just as I decide to choke up a bit the coach shouts, "Next!"

I head for the exit. "Think you made it?" asks a player in the tunnel. I shrug and say, "I don't think anybody could make it at one of these things."

"I hear Dan Driessen did," he says.

"Yeah, well, that's what I hear, too."

We stand for a moment, listening to Mike flatten another batter.

"But I hear they had five pitchers at Cincinnati," says the player.

"Oh," I say, feeling suddenly that this is the stuff we athletes are made of. "No wonder."





Edited by GAY FLOOD

**STRONGHOLDS**

Sir:

I could really relate to Ron Fimrite's article *They're Beginning To Sound Like a Broken Record* (Sept. 26). I have been to 22 Dodger home games this season, each time taking an average of five kids from our parish school. The kids get in for only a buck, and they have a blast. Not only do the Dodgers play an exciting brand of baseball, but the whole atmosphere is party-like. Everybody has a great time, win or lose. It's good, wholesome fun—even the food is super (I think the stadium could be called the world's largest outdoor restaurant).

As for Tom Lasorda, he's done more to bring this city together than anyone in recent history. The Dodgers certainly do have a great organization. Now, if we could only get some World Series tickets!

LEO GUTIERREZ  
Los Angeles

Sir:

A more amazing attendance record is now being approached at Boston's Fenway Park. Two million fans will have seen Red Sox home games this year, a record for Fenway. The smallest park in the majors, it is little more than half the size of Dodger Stadium and is in a town where frigid weather early and late in the season is not uncommon and rain is possible anytime. In addition, the parking is downright terrible. Fenway also lacks some of the other niceties of Dodger Stadium, but Red Sox fans still come out in droves to root for their team, some to be turned back from standing-room-only sections. It makes one wonder how much better the Sox would draw in an area as big as L.A. with a stadium of similar size. Probably a lot, but nothing can replace Friendly Fenway. It's one heck of a place to watch a ball game.

BOB CONWAY  
Midland, Mich.

Sir:

SI gets very excited about the Dodgers drawing nearly three million fans from a population base of seven million. Our Royals have drawn 1.8 million, which is more than 100% of metropolitan Kansas City's population. As for your comments about Dodger Stadium, we in Kansas City welcome the opportunity to show off Royals Stadium any day this month.

DON FLOWERS  
Kansas City, Mo.

**ROOTS**

Sir:

In SCORECARD (Sept. 26) you state that the 1889 St. Louis Browns of the American Association became the present-day Baltimore

Orioles. Incorrect. Those Browns, an AA team from 1882 to 1884 and again from 1887 to 1891, were once the Boston Red Stockings, the Chicago Cubs were the White Stockings, the Yankees were the Orioles; the Orioles were the Browns and, before that, the Brewers. The Phillies were the Blue Jays, and the Rangers and Twins each were the Senators, a name used by more than one team in the 1800s. The Cardinals, Pirates, Reds and Dodgers all came from the American Association, which played the National League in a number of series between 1882 and 1890. In fact, in 1886 the Browns-Cardinals won their first series against the White Sox-Cubs.

ANDREW SPARK  
Monroe, N.Y.

Sir:

To err in this matter seems only human when one considers the following: the Atlanta Braves were once the Boston Red Stockings, the Chicago Cubs were the White Stockings, the Yankees were the Orioles; the Orioles were the Browns and, before that, the Brewers. The Phillies were the Blue Jays, and the Rangers and Twins each were the Senators, a name used by more than one team in the 1800s. The Cardinals, Pirates, Reds and Dodgers all came from the American Association, which played the National League in a number of series between 1882 and 1890. In fact, in 1886 the Browns-Cardinals won their first series against the White Sox-Cubs.

JAMES G. LEE  
Minneapolis

Sir:

Concerning the forfeitures in the 1889 pennant race, you state: "Brooklyn went on to win the pennant with a 93-44 record, while the Browns finished second with 90-45. Had the Browns won the two forfeit games, they would have taken the championship."

Absolutely true. But had the Browns won only one of the games, they would also have won, with a 91-44 record, which would have been better than Brooklyn's 92-45.

THE REV. JIM KILL  
Chicago

**JENNER'S POT OF GOLD**

Sir:

Regarding Bruce Jenner and his endorsements, commercials, speeches, clothing lines, etc. (Back to Bruce in a Moment. First, This Commercial, Sept. 26), why is it always the guy who makes half a million dollars a year (or his agent) who says that the money doesn't

mean anything? Jenner is out to make a buck, and that's fine. But don't let him tell us working stiffs (who don't make \$500,000 in a lifetime) that money is unimportant. If it were so unimportant to Jenner, he'd be a high school coach somewhere.

What has Bruce Jenner done for anyone besides Bruce Jenner lately?

ROBERT E. CAIN  
San Diego

Sir:

Many people seem to feel it is somehow immoral and reprehensible for amateur athletes to attempt to cash in on their fame, yet these same people find no fault with professional athletes who grovel for every last penny they can coerce out of their owners. After comparing Bruce Jenner's pre-Montreal training regimen and life-style with Kenny Stabler's (*Gettin' Nowhere Fast*, Sept. 19), I challenge Jenner's critics to tell me which athlete is the more deserving. I hope that Bruce makes a bundle.

DAVE JOHNSTON  
Omaha

Sir:

Last spring when Bruce Jenner was making a tour of several colleges, Monikato State University (Minnesota) was among them and I was one of his hosts for three days. Jenner came off just as Barry McDermott described him: exuberant, wholesome and very sure of himself. The monetary gains Bruce will derive all seem to be of secondary importance. Whenever time permitted—and he was on a busy schedule, what with track clinics and speaking engagements—he signed autographs and stopped to talk with people. He was a joy to be around because his enthusiasm for life seems to rub off on those he comes in contact with.

BRECK JOLESCH  
Athens, Ohio

**BEWARE THE 13TH, SOMETIMES**

Sir:

In the issue of Sept. 26 (*Now There Is One*, Maybe) it was written that the contenders in the American League East should have been warned about the Ides of September, and then Peter Gammons proceeded to list several occurrences on the 15th day of the month. However, the Ides of September is the 13th, as it is in all months except March, May, July and October, in which it falls on the 15th.

STEVEN GABLE, M.D.  
Indianapolis

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down-to-earth qualities? All right. How about the fact that it gives you more trunk room, more head room and more leg room than last year's coupe? How about the new 3.2 litre (196-cu-in.) even-firing V-6 that comes as standard equipment? It got, according to the EPA, an estimated 33 mpg in the highway test, 19 in the city, and 23 mpg combined when equipped with a manual transmission (powertrain not available in California). Or an available 231-cu-in. (3.8 litre) V-6 with automatic transmission that got an estimated 27 mpg in the highway test, 19 in the city and 22 combined. (This V-6 powertrain



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